The Outlook

Volume 137 August 20, 1924 Number 16

Sagacious and Courageous Marx

THE most important recent event in connection with the London Conference has been the arrival of the three German representatives, Dr. Marx, the Chancellor, Dr. Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, and Dr. Luther, the Finance Minister. Of these men, in individual and official strength, the Chancellor stands first.

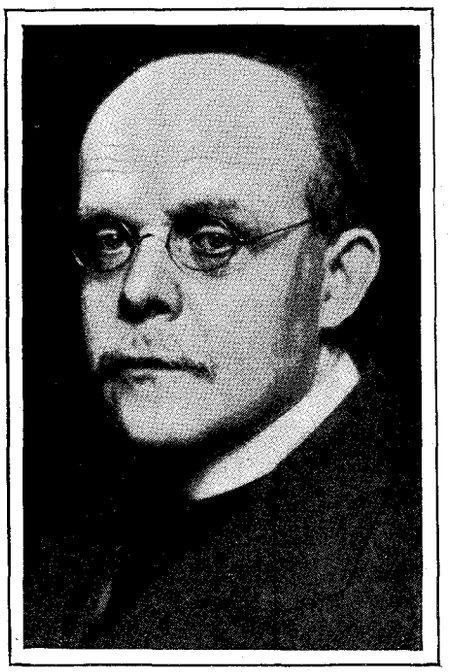
Dr. Marx is a typical Rhinelander, and that means the best sort of German. Spare, not fat; alert, not heavy; friendly, not morose; above all, democratic, not aristocratic, he is as good a representative of the German Republic as could be mentioned. Had his work in London permitted, he would gladly have returned to Germany to help keep Constitution Day—August 10—in celebration of the fifth anniversary of the signing at Weimar of the present German Constitution.

Not so Dr. Stresemann; it is reported that he forbade the party of which he is leader (the miscalled People's Party) to celebrate the event. Perhaps to him the Republic, as opposed to the former Monarchy, is a constant reminder of German defeat in the War.

Naturally, the extreme parties of the Right, like the Nationalists, would have nothing to do with Constitution Day; they made their abstention so spectacular as to give to a stranger the impression that the Republic, in view of the inevitable and powerful Monarchist reaction, is not as strong as it really is. It must be remembered also, however, that many German Republicans are not altogether enthusiastic about the centralization features of the Weimar Constitution.

But, so long as the Democratic, Center (Roman Catholic), and Socialist Parties stand together, as they have done, in defense of the Republic, they can defy the rest, despite the fact that the Nationalist group is now the largest in numbers.

As the leader of the Center Party, Dr. Marx has shown himself an astute politician. If the German Republic survives, it will owe some of its life to him. But he is more emphatically a sagacious statesman. His statesmanship has been both courageous and cautious. He was the first German of distinction to proclaim, as he did in his New Year's address nearly eight months ago: *"Wir sind ein besiegtes Volk"*—We are a conquered people. Up to that time most Germans had obstinately refused to



Dr. Marx, the German Chancellor

acknowledge this fact. And why? Merely because they had preserved their Fatherland from invasion! The Chancellor's proclamation signaled a new German psychology, already compelled, indeed, by the Ruhr occupation.

If the Chancellor were courageous in proclaiming an unpleasant fact not yet publicly acknowledged by most Germans, he has been equally cautious in his management of the ship of state. When, last May, the Nationalists gained their victory, every one foresaw shipwreck for the Republic and for Marx in particular. But the Republic still lives and Marx is still Chancellor.

The London Conference

IT is due in chief measure to the influence of Chancellor Marx that the German delegation at the London Conference has now signed a formal acceptance of the Dawes reparation plan. Premier Herriot's flying visit to Paris seems to have convinced at least the members of his Cabinet that French interests were being protected, especially as Mr. MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, had, it is understood, pledged himself not to retire British troops from the Cologne sector on the Rhine on January 10, 1925, unless Germany should have fulfilled every obligation undertaken in conformity with the Dawes Plan from the period elapsing from the present time to that date.

An interesting development at the Conference was the decision that an American shall sit with the Reparation Commission, not only when a question of default is raised, but at any time in case of difference of opinion concerning the Dawes Plan.

As an offset for the proposed evacuation of the Ruhr territory on January 10, a Franco-German commercial treaty is now under negotiation.

Concerning Allied control over German arms it is now proposed to abolish the Interallied Commission created by the Versailles Treaty and to place with the League of Nations the responsibility for Germany's obedience to the Allies' demand for disarmament.

Playing With Fire

IN striking contrast to the attitude of our Secretary of State towards Bolshevism is that of the British and French Prime Ministers. Both have given pre-election pledges concerning Russia.

Mr. MacDonald has now redeemed his, not only by recognizing *de jure* the Bolshevist Government, but also by signing a treaty with it. The gist of this treaty is that Russia concedes some of the British claims as to debts in return for the guaranty of a loan.

The treaty is the first ever signed by a British Premier which does not contain the King's name; this, it is explained, is due to the lack of a personal head in the Bolshevist Government. Rather rough on Rykov, one might think!

The signing of this treaty with a

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decency-defying and irresponsible government does not mean its approval by the British Parliament. General opinion in England, it would seem, is reflected by Lloyd George's curt comment, "A fake."

It is interesting to turn from this comment to Bolshevist comment concerning the Americans who have been engaged in "imposing" the Dawes plan for German reparations on German labor, thereby heaping taxes upon German taxpayers. "Slaves of democracy and coolies of pacifism" is what the Bolshevists call us. Just why "slaves" and just why "coolies" is not apparent. Perhaps the ultimate animus may be found in our refusal to recognize their government.

The Air Mail

THE Postmaster-General, reporting on the first month's operation of the continuous schedule air mail service from New York to San Francisco, declares it "successful from every standpoint." During the thirty-one days the letter-carrier aviators flew 174,000 miles, practically seven times as far as the army aviators flew in their trip around the world. The average time, east-bound, was thirty-six hours and twenty-one minutes and, west-bound, thirty-nine hours and forty-nine minutes. This is a time saving of approximately fifty hours over the fastest combination of rail schedules. And this result was achieved despite adverse weather conditions on practically two-thirds of the days. A retarding factor, too, was the absence of lighted airways into San Francisco and New York. Work is in progress now, however, on lighting the way through the Sacramento Valley into San Francisco and through New Jersey into New York. Though the Postmaster-General does not say so, there is reasonable expectation that these improvements will reduce the flying time.

Surveying all of the difficulties and appraising all of the achievements, the Postmaster-General sees but one possibility of a fatal difficulty. That is that the service may not be supported by the public in sufficient measure to warrant its continuation. But, unless a world-old state of mind has changed almost overnight, the public will support the air mail service. Men always have sought the fastest means of transporting their written word. Couriers on the backs of flying steeds, mail pouch guards in stage coaches behind spanking fours-in-hand, clipper vessels coastwise and across seas, mogul engines shrieking through the night—these and a score of other means have letter-writers of this and other nations supported for the sake of speed since man first took it into his head to convey his thoughts by the written page to those persons far away with whom he had social or business ties. The present reduction in transit time is far and away the greatest ever achieved at one stroke, and the air mail service should for that reason be the more eagerly accepted.

True, there is not to-day the absolute necessity that used to exist for the transmission of thoughts by mail. The telegraph long since became the medium for almost instantaneous transmission and has been as long widely used for brief messages. The telephone, because it speaks through distances, has been more favored than either the letter or the telegram for some kinds of long distance intercourse. Just now has come the radio, both telegraphic and telephonic, reaching to greater distances with equal certainty and speed. But, with all those things at his service, man still prefers to carry on most of his serious long-distance communication—and, for that matter, most of his non-serious—by letter.

Can any one imagine Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians—that for gravity—or O. Henry's prison letters to his child—that for a forced and heart-breaking levity—transmitted by telegraph or telephone or radio? Those are extreme illustrations; but there are in the world, and will be, multiplied thousands of modifications of those letter-writers who, because neither wire nor wireless can be made by any stress to serve their need, will accept with gladness an air mail service that spans the continent in a third of the train time.

Parks and Playgrounds in the West

THE United States Department of Agriculture has recently published an interesting account of the work of small villages and farm settlements in the West in securing for themselves playgrounds.

The picture presented by Bulletin No. 1388 turns pity for the farmers (of the West, at least) into something like envy. If they have such enlightened ideas in regard to their playgrounds and display such courage, generosity, and organizing genius in acquiring them, why is it not to be expected that they will get for themselves eventually all the other good things of life?

Near Niagara, North Dakota, in the open country, is a farmers' park financed, operated, owned, maintained and used by farmers. These people did not see why they should sponge on a private owner for recreation grounds, nor did they approve of sending their boys and girls to town or village for their games and other outdoor fun.

A plot of eleven wooded acres along the Turtle River, costing $2,200, was decided on as a suitable place. They organized a stock company called the Bachelors' Grove Community Park Association, incorporated it under State laws, and sold shares at $25 each. When these were all taken up, it was found that ninety-five per cent of them were owned by farmers, nearly every family in the region owning at least one share.

The first year saw the place only cleared of underbrush and fenced in. Estimates for further improvements figured out to $16,000, despite the fact that much of the necessary labor had been volunteered. But the people realized that these improvements would soon pay for themselves, so they went ahead, and in a few succeeding years created ball-grounds, a dancing pavilion, and other buildings and recreational facilities. Concessions are leased at a good profit. On the opening day five thousand people were in attendance. During the summer months there is, on an average, one huge organization picnic a week and on Sundays many small family picnics. There are frequent athletic games and contests between neighboring teams, and supervised dances in charge of the older people are given in the pavilion. Churches, boys' and girls' clubs, a Chautauqua, and other societies hold all their summer meetings here.

The Village and the Park

MANY small villages in the West have similar achievements to their credit. Gregory, South Dakota, for example, is now a place of only nine hundred inhabitants, and yet twenty years ago it set aside thirty-eight acres of the original town site for ultimate complete development as recreation grounds. During these twenty years trees have been planted, picnic grounds equipped, baseball and football grounds and tennis courts laid out, and a grand stand

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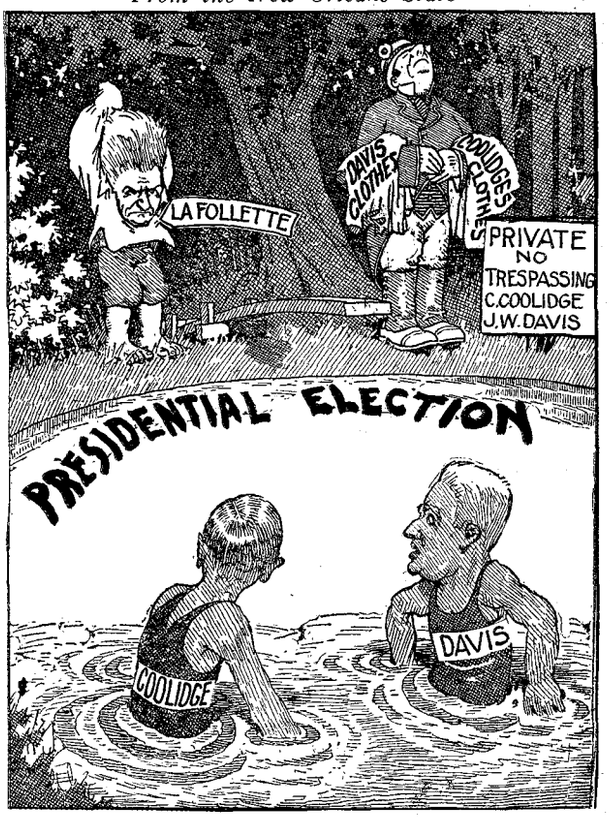
Absent thee from felicity awhile

(Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2)

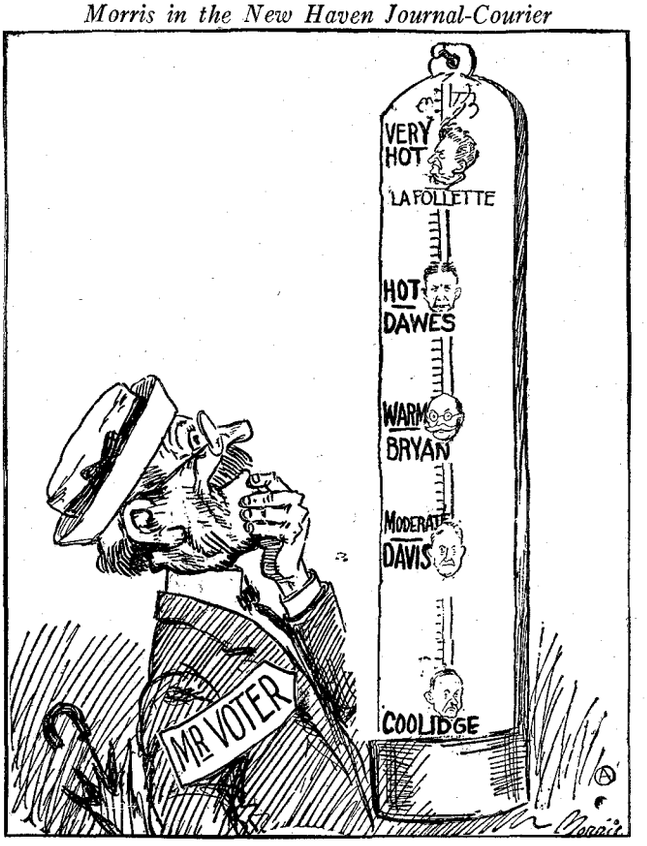
From the New Orleans State



The uninvited guest

From D. C. Wright, New York City

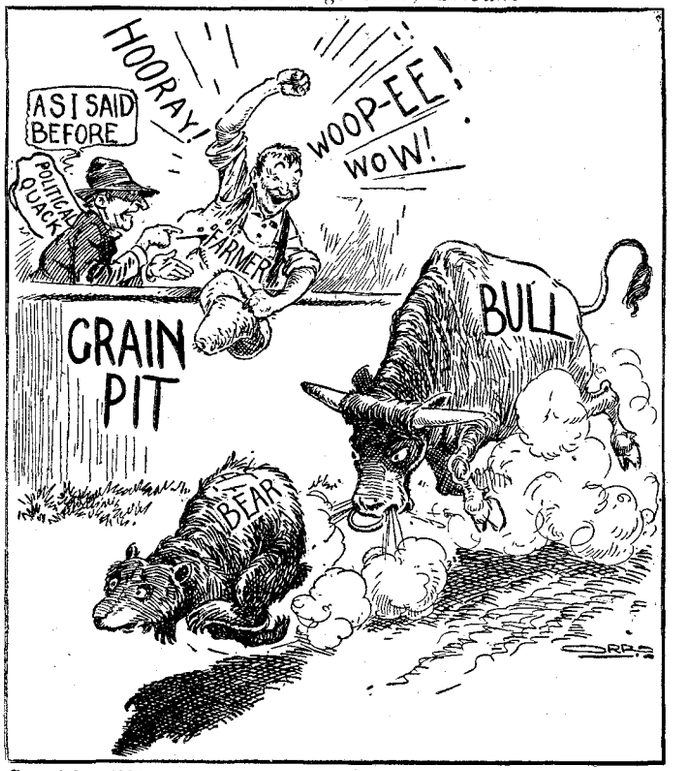
Morris in the New Haven Journal-Courier



A political thermometer

From R. McI. Chatfield, New Haven, Conn.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



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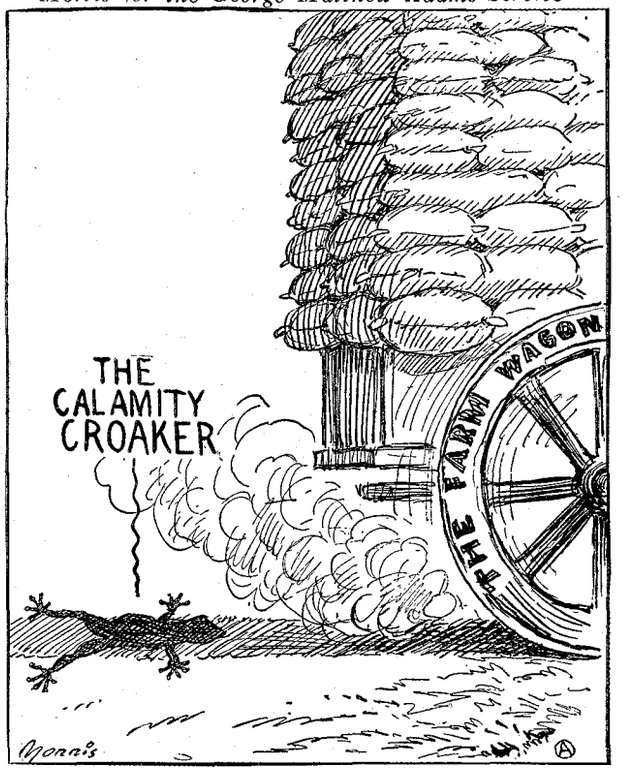
Can't hear him

From Alice C Hatfield, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service



A midsummer tragedy

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Ewing Galloway

Alaska's Great Fish Industry—Salmon ready for the canning machines at Icy Straits, Alaska

built. In 1922 two very large swimming-pools were built. One section has been set aside for the hospitable accommodation of camping motor tourists.

Many other little hamlets in Kansas, Wisconsin, Michigan, West Virginia, and other States have done work just as big and important in proportion to their size.

To any one who has worked on playground committees in the East it seems a miracle that such small communities should have wisdom and spirit of progress sufficient to see the importance of outdoor recreation. "I never played baseball or climbed rocks and trees when I was young, and I do not see why my children should," is the answer one gets too often to appeals to citizens or politicians for more play space in town or country. Presumably these wet blankets exist even in the West, but there they are obviously very much in the minority.

Preserving Alaskan Fisheries

DURING the ten weeks since Congress adjourned conservationists have found in the Alaska Fisheries Conservation Act a cause for gratification. It appears to mark a point of departure in our National conservation policy perhaps as important as that which two decades ago marked the beginning of forest Conservation. The Alaska Fisheries Act accomplishes immediately a great good for Alaska; it is likely to accomplish a greater if more mediate good for the Nation.

So far as our resource of fisheries is concerned, it calls a halt to the business practice of so expanding a market that to meet it a National asset must be destroyed at its source. It subordinates immediate profits for the few to the permanent profit of the many, yet does not destroy or permanently injure the property of those whose wealth is in Alaskan fisheries. It converts the Alaskan fisheries industry from essentially a mining basis to essentially an agricultural basis. It provides for constantly reseeding the waters and marketing only the surplus growth.

No other country in the world is so well adapted as Alaska to the production of an annual crop of salmon. Few sources of our wealth are likely to be so permanent and so uniformly productive as this, now that it is given fairly adequate protection. The whole Nation will benefit by the law, and the measure of the benefit will become larger as the years go by.

This law is a good beginning, but, so far as it concerns the country as a whole, it is hardly more than a beginning. The Alaskan waters furnish the best source of our finny wealth, but not the only source. Not even an adequate beginning has been made toward protecting those other sources which, comparatively small though they are, should be made to contribute a great deal to the pleasure and the profit of the American people. It is as an approach to this more general result, probably, that the Alaska Fisheries Conservation Act has its largest value.

When the Mayor Is Away

A CORRESPONDENT of The Outlook, writing from Seattle, remarks, "Leave it to woman to house-clean either her own home or any public office she may hold, and this was forcibly demonstrated recently when Mayor Brown, of Seattle, left town to attend the Democratic Convention in New York, leaving the President of the City Council, Mrs. Henry Landes, as Acting Mayor during his absence."

The facts are as follows: The Acting Mayor had no sooner assumed charge of city affairs than she called in the Chief of Police, William B. Severyns, and handed him a letter urging him to do away at once with certain intolerable conditions she found existing in his Department. The Chief in reply sent her a note in which he, with evident irony, called her attention to a provision in the City Charter which allowed the Mayor or Acting Mayor to take over the Department in times of public stress. The Chief evidently thought that this would faze the Lady Mayoress. Not at all. Her reply was, in essence, "Quite so. I'll do it."

What she did was to write to the Chief a long letter, in which she charged that he was not maintaining the law; that the leading spirit of the liquor ring was a frequent and apparently a welcome visitor at Police Headquarters; and that pool and card rooms (which are licensed only after the Department makes recommendations) were nearly always licensed because the Department made no adverse reports.

The letter closed by relieving the Chief of his office and directing him to put his second in command in charge.

Thereafter Mrs. Landes, in accordance with the ironical suggestion of the Chief, issued a proclamation stating that she had assumed control of the whole police force of the city in view of the emergency. Her programme of reform, however, was cut short because the Mayor saw fit to curtail his political duties at the Democratic Convention and hurry back to Seattle. To use our correspondent's informal phrase, "He never stopped to wipe his feet, but just mussed up everything again." He reappointed

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Mr. Severyns again as Chief of Police, and the reign of woman in Seattle ceased.

Our correspondent ends the account of this remarkable incident by saying: "Mrs. Landes has resided in Seattle for upward of a quarter of a century. She was born in Massachusetts, and attended school there, afterwards graduating from the University of Indiana. She is endowed with great executive ability, and some day Seattle may acclaim her as a mayor who 'does' things, instead of making promises that are rarely fulfilled. Be that as it may, woman in politics has long ceased to be a novelty, and is now an assured fact."

Forecasting Weather Months in Advance

CAN we know longer than a day or two in advance what the weather will be? The United States Weather Bureau has always said, and continues to say, No. But there are those who say, very emphatically, Yes.

"The assertion is made with confidence that the main weather features of the years 1923–4 are measurable through interpretation of the solar constant of 1917–20, and that the weather for 1925–6–7 has already been determined by the solar constant of 1921–4."

That is the statement of one who holds to the theory that weather can be scientifically forecast years in advance as against the Weather Bureau theory that it can only be empirically forecast days in advance, or so far as the telegraph serves to outrun weather conditions already made and moving in a definite direction.

The doctrine of the new school, if it may be so called, is that variations in weather are due primarily to variations in solar heat, and that correct interpretation of the effect of solar heat on oceanic surface temperatures furnishes the key to the weather for a year or more in advance. All weather comes primarily, they say, from the translation into heat of that extremely small fraction of the sun's radiation which penetrates the earth's atmosphere. That fraction is known to vary considerably from year to year and from one series of years to another. The shifting surface temperature of the sun has been for years under constant observation and measurement by the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution. Two permanent observation stations are maintained, one on Mount Harqua Hala, Arizona, and the other on Mount Montezuma, Chile. Temporary stations have been located at one time or another in many of the dry regions of the globe, and, it is asserted, "slowly but surely the complex problems have been solved."

Keystone

Mr. Lou Holland (center), President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in the Lord Mayor's Box at Albert Hall, London, where the Advertising Convention was held

Why Not a Long-Range Forecaster?

THE solar constant method of weather forecasting has been adopted by the weather bureaus of some of the South American countries, and is said to be eminently successful. The United States Weather Bureau, however, has never accepted it, and, as the Smithsonian Institution is extremely careful not to infringe upon the field of another Governmental agency, long-range weather forecasting has never been officially tried in the United States.

Because there is no Government agency to do it and because he has long had a deep working interest in the subject, a Washington newspaper man, Herbert Janvrin Brown, has become the public exponent of the solar constant method of forecasting weather for long periods. He has written extensively upon it, using the Smithsonian data as his foundation, and for some time past has made forecasts for twelve-month periods. These, it is claimed, are quite as accurate as the official forecasts for twenty-four-hour periods. He has "missed" on some of his predictions, as he admits he must continue to do until the field is more fully studied, but he foretold the late cold springs of this year and last as well as the early frosts of last autumn.

A meteorological difference of opinion is not one for a journal to take part in, but it does not occur to the editorial mind that there need be any conflict of duties. If the Smithsonian Institution can tell the general character of the weather a year in advance, that need not interfere with the Weather Bureau's serving daily notice of just how and when the changes are to come.

A World Conference of Advertising Men

NOT long ago, in noting the gathering in London of advertising men representing several nations and hundreds of advertising clubs, we made the comment that such a meeting not only would develop fuller understanding between business men of all countries, but that business friendship meant national friendship.

Reports of the sessions of the Convention which have reached us show that this was true in a remarkable degree, for the two slogans of the Convention were "World Peace and Amity" and "Truth in Advertising." More countries were represented than ever before, so that this twentieth Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World for the first time fully justified its name. Be-

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tween three and four thousand delegates were present, and the audiences at the general sessions often exceeded five thousand, notably so, of course, at the opening meeting, attended by the Prince of Wales and by many members of the Government and others of rank and fame. The social entertainment of the delegates was exceedingly fine and generous.

A great deal of the most valuable practical work of the Convention was done in special meetings assigned to the discussion of specific topics.

Friendly relations between the advertising profession in America and England were naturally warmly advocated, but soon became part of a larger ideal enthusiastically upheld—the ideal of world friendship. This was concentrated into a series of resolutions denouncing war and urging brotherhood and good will. The resolutions were signed by delegates representing the United States, Great Britain, Holland, the Irish Free State, Ulster, France, Germany, India, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Hawaii, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, and Scotland.

A correspondent of The Outlook who was present at this Convention makes an interesting comment on the differences between English and American advertising art:

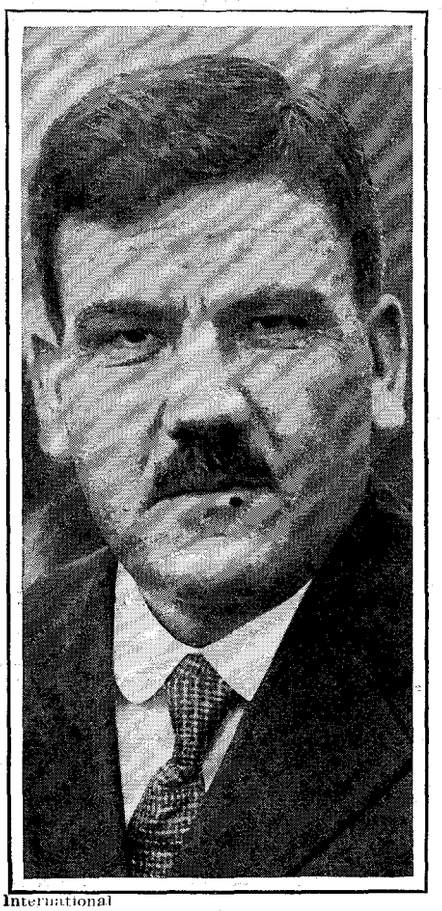
> In the art that makes the visible advertisement the English are behind us; but it is a question if they do not know how to appeal to a segregated class better than we do. Their agency system is not as well organized as ours, but advertisers pay less for its services. For the most part advertising media are less well printed than ours, except the leading newspapers, which still retain their traditional reserve in the use of type, are printed on good paper, and are a delight to the eye in contrast with our own.

One of the acts of the Convention was to accept a code of ethics and to pledge the profession to "the cause of better business and social service." The resolutions adopted urged that the advertising story be told simply and truly, and that the ideals of conduct and standards of advertising practice should rest on the belief that "truthful advertising builds both character and good will."

What the Atom Withholds

ONE subject discussed at this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science leads over all others in apparent importance to the economic world. The possibilities of atomic energy have not yet captivated the run of men, they have not yet stirred the industry even of the tribe of false claimants to new discoveries to any great extent, but they have fascinated men of the first scientific standing and powers.

It was worthy of note, therefore, that Sir Ernest Rutherford, just before the meeting of the Association in Canada,



International

The President-Elect of Mexico

published his dubious report to the Engineering Foundation on the prospects of drawing energy in unprecedented volume from the treatment of atoms. His report does not ruin the hope of such a mighty aid to human betterment, but it is undeniably sobering. He fears that the atoms composing the elements that form the great majority of matter on our earth are locked beyond possibility of ready disruption. He intimates that at least some chance remains of successful release of energy by some yet undevised process of transmuting hydrogen to helium. Even this hope is distant.

Sir Ernest gives the key to the importance of the question when he points out that the disintegration of a gramme of radium yields as much energy as the combustion of many tons of the finest coal. The discovery of a cheap process for cracking any fairly common element and extracting its power would throw coal into the scrap-heap of the obsolete, as coal superseded the horse and the ox.

The great economic changes of the past eighty years or so have come about through the employment of coal, oil, and water power. The United States drew from these three sources in the year 1921 a quantity of power great enough to furnish about 58,000 horse-power hours to each inhabitant. In 1840 this country had less than 4,000 miles of railroads, had barely begun to use a little coal, and had only small and primitive water-power plants. It still relied, for the greater part of the power it used, on the horse, the ox, and human muscle. Man power supplied perhaps sixty horse-power hours a year to each inhabitant; oxen and horses—a horse to every four persons—250 horse-power hours; and water and fuel, hardly more than 50; in all, some 360 horse-power hours to each inhabitant. The country used 160 times as much power in proportion to its population in 1921 as in 1840.

No wonder, then, that comfort has improved, that the laboring day has diminished, and that the luxury of eighty years before has grown into the universal necessity of to-day. In a sense, we do not need more or cheaper power. In the same sense, a mainly happy and thrifty population did not need more power in 1840. None the less, new and vaster sources of power would supply opportunities for advance and would alter and stimulate a still imperfectly satisfied world.

Mexico's Land Problem

UNUSUAL attention has been attracted to the agrarian problem of Mexico by the recent killing near her *hacienda*, or ranch, in Puebla, a short distance south of the capital, of Mrs. Rosalie Evans, a British subject, who had been fighting for some years past against the attempted expropriation of her property.

Arrests have been made by the Federal authorities, who say that the attack was made by local bandits not connected with the agrarian agitators.

The newly elected President of Mexico, who is to take office in next November, is General Calles. He has been in New York recently, on his way to Europe. With reference to this affair he vigorously repudiated the idea that the Socialists had anything to do with it. "I am," he declared, "the chief of the Socialist Party in Mexico. It is not the

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destructive movement which the reactionary elements describe. The Socialist ideas now being established there are constructive."

Whether Mrs. Evans was actually killed by agrarians, by persons who expected to gain through the division of her property, or by neighboring bandits, it is an established fact that her efforts to hold her property, which she and her husband had developed, had led to an armed feud with those desirous of forcing her to abandon it. In any case, she was entitled to protection from the Government, which knew her danger.

This land system has been the cause of much of the misunderstanding during recent years between the United States and Mexico. As between the Governments, however, an agreement has been reached on the agrarian question which, it is hoped, will work out satisfactorily. In the negotiations at Mexico City between the American and the Mexican commissions which led to this understanding the United States, "while expressing full sympathy with the efforts of the Mexican authorities to readjust large holdings so as to meet the natural demands of the people of Mexico, at the same time protested and insisted that if properties were to be taken they should be paid for;" and it was on the amount of land which could thus be taken for communal purposes and on the manner in which payment should be made that the agreement was made between the two Governments.

The complicated land problem of Mexico arises largely from the fact that numerous Indian communities have lost title to the *ejidos,* or communal tracts, which they once enjoyed as grants originally from the Spanish crown during the early colonial days. Such grants were given not only in Mexico but throughout Latin America. The *pueblo,* or community, rights to these lands, after many of them were divided, were lost in various ways, through the Indians' ignorance of law and property rights. It was discovered eventually that practically all the Indians had sold their land rights; and then the trouble began. The present owners may have acquired their properties legally, but the Indians needed land and they did not have any; hence it was easy to foment revolution. Ramon P. de Negri, the present Minister of Agriculture and Development in Mexico, declares that "redistribution of the land is the foundation of the new Mexico."

P. & A. Photos

Mrs. Rosalie Evans, a British subject but American born, killed by Mexican bandits near her ranch in Mexico

He says there are 15,000 villages to which land must be given. But there is strong opposition to the manner in which the present agrarian programme is being carried out. One of the leading newspapers of Mexico City ("El Universal") recently asserted that "the present situation in the State of Morelos constitutes one of the most painful and cruel lessons as regards the misinterpretation and misapplication of agrarianism."

Roads to Peace and Progress

THE construction of highways throughout Latin America may prove to be one of the strongest links binding the United States and the other American republics closer together in Pan-American fraternity. A visit was lately made to the United States by a group of road experts known as the Pan-American Highway Commission from South and Central America and the West Indies. The inspection of American highways and highway transportation problems carried the visiting delegates into twelve States of the Union.

One of the immediate practical results has been the formation of a Pan-American Confederation for Highway Education, the object of which is to be "the study and promulgation in the different countries constituting the Pan-American Union of fundamental principles that contribute to the development of adequate highways."

Another outstanding result of the visit of the Pan-American Highway Commission was the good feeling developed. In all the places along their route through the States the delegation was received with hearty welcome. Officials and the leading men of industry in the various States and cities extended the welcome of the community.

The Latin-American nations, as a whole, have just made a start in modern road building; they are in much the same stage of development in that respect as was the United States twenty-five years ago. The visitors have seen the mistakes as well as the correct methods of road building which have been followed here, and in this way will be able to profit vastly in starting their road development projects.

The visiting Latin-Americans were accompanied on their entire four-thousand-mile trip through the States by Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads; and other experts were with them to explain both technical questions of engineering and also problems of administration and traffic management. Through this conference the way has been opened, it is believed, to a development of first-class road systems in all the South and Central American countries.

Practical Measures

AS a result of its study in the United States, the Pan-American Highway Commission prepared a programme for

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the first Pan-American Highway Congress, which is to meet in Buenos Aires next year. This will be an official governmental gathering. Among the topics which will be discussed at the Buenos Aires conference then will be the influence of improved highways on social welfare; the question of constructing a Pan-American highway which will unite the capitals of all the countries on the continent; international licenses for automobiles and other vehicles; the means of establishing between the countries of the Pan-American Union a permanent interchange of statistical information and of legislative enactments; also questions of a financial and technical character, including sources of revenue for highway construction; co-operation of the public in the construction of highways; and education of the public with respect to the importance of highways.

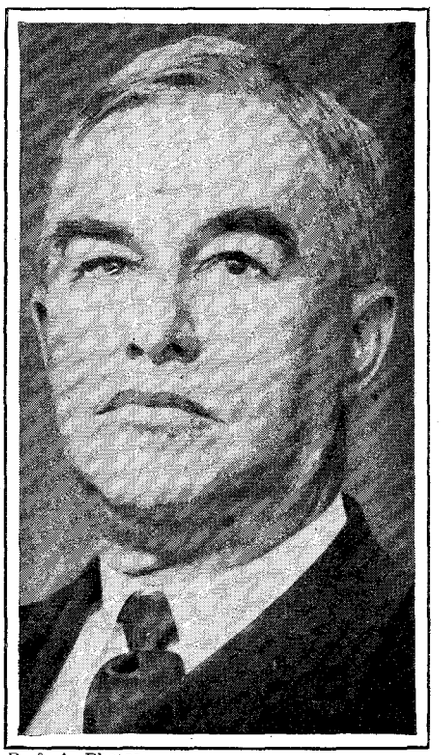
Another good idea is that of essay contests by high school children as to the value and importance of good roads. It is probable that in several of the South American countries the near future will see the establishment of these contests, now in their fifth year here. It is estimated that in this year's contest in the United States, the essays for which are now being judged, there were at least 150,000 school-children who participated. The four-year college scholarships awarded as the National prize to the winner have given great incentive to these contests. In addition there are State and local prizes, which in many instances are well worth while.

The best thing of all which the Pan-American road experts are taking back with them from the United States is a feeling of kindliness towards the people of the United States.

When Roosevelt Prevented a War

At the Williamstown Institute of Politics, now in session, Dr. Tyler Dennett, an authority on Far Eastern affairs, said, as reported, that President Roosevelt was perhaps the first American statesman clearly to perceive the Far Eastern question as largely a phase of European politics, and that the weight of his influence, in a warning to France and Germany in 1905, quite possibly prevented a European conflict of world magnitude, more particularly, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. Mr. Roosevelt, impressed with the possibility that Germany or France, or both, might support Russia as against Japan, gave warning that, in this event, he would take whatever steps seemed necessary. The danger from Germany was perhaps greater than was at that time realized, as she had, it was believed, urged Russia into a war with Japan. The effect of the Roosevelt warning, according to Dr. Dennett, placed the United States as almost an unsigned member of the second Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

We would add that the following year President Roosevelt rendered a similar service. The Moroccan difficulty between France and Germany had assumed menacing proportions, and had war broken out other nations would doubtless have been involved. Largely due to Mr. Roosevelt's initiative, an international conference was called to meet at Algeciras, Spain. Mr. Henry White (who has been Ambassador to France and Italy and was one of our representatives at the Paris Peace Conference) was the official American delegate at Algeciras and contributed vitally towards a successful outcome. By it Europe, possibly the world, was saved an otherwise inevitable armed conflict.



P. & A. Photos

Rear-Admiral W. L. Rodgers, who spoke at the Williamstown Institute of Politics of war as inevitable with increased population

Keeping the Palace in Peace

Another address at Williamstown has aroused considerable discussion and violent dissent. It was really not a speech, but extemporaneous remarks in a discussion on the limitation of armaments. One sentence in particular has been the object of attack:

> I do not suppose that the United States will ever desire to make war against any country before our continental population passes 200,000,000, but after that, if there remains any manhood in our mixed race of descendants, we will surely go to war to keep our place in the world.

These words were attributed by the daily press to Admiral William L. Rodgers, retired, of the United States Navy. Taken by themselves they seem to utter the old thought of every man who has dreamed of world domination for a particular nation or people. They seem to point to a time which might be called the American version of what in Germany was called *"der Tag."* They should not be interpreted, however, apart from their context.

We do not believe that Admiral Rodgers has any thought that the United States will some day imitate Germany. He was taking part in a discussion over a proposed treaty for disarmament which is to be brought before the Assembly of the League of Nations next month. According to that plan, a nation might be convicted by other nations of aggression and outlawed by being deprived of the protection of all international law. Admiral Rodgers's purpose was to point out the dangers which lurked in such a provision. He called his hearers' attention to the fact that other nations, envious of America, were more likely than we to make war, and less likely than we "in good faith to accept limitations upon their armaments." And he added, "We must be sure that such nations are not likely to take up arms against us merely to divide our wealth." Such a provision as was under discussion, Admiral Rodgers thought, might be safe if all the world had the same abhorrence of war that the American supporters of this draft treaty have. And he reminded his hearers of the saying of Jesus, "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace." To trust our destiny to other nations which might later convict us of aggression in case they had aggressive designs against us is to be too trustful.

Such, it seems to us, was the argument of Admiral Rodgers. It may not be convincing to those who think that

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all nations are inherently peace-loving; but it does not sound to us exactly like an echo of William Hohenzollern.

When to Build Your House

CUSTOM, not weather, is mainly responsible for seasonal idleness in the construction industries. Nearly anywhere in the United States building operations could be continued practically throughout the year. Habits acquired in the far past, when the science of building had not triumphed over frost and flood, are still followed, with the result that large numbers of building-trades workers are out of employment during nearly half the year and the trades are not fully employed for more than three months. As a result, the overhead expense of contractors is increased and home builders pay more for their houses than is necessary.

That, in brief, is the conclusion of the Committee on Seasonal Operations in the Building Industries, appointed in 1921 as a result of President Harding's Unemployment Conference, which recently made its final report to the United States Department of Commerce.

The remedy, the Committee believes, lies with the public. Contractors, it is said, are already aware of the evils of unnecessary seasonal unemployment, and are doing what they can to abate them. But the contractors cannot do a great deal, it is said, so long as those for whom houses are to be constructed use no forethought in planning for the time of beginning operations. Practically any owner, the Committee believes, can find out how to schedule his building or repairs to take advantage of the time when competent workers will be available and when the contractor will not have to resort to the employment of slow and unskilled men for work that requires speed and dexterity.

The Committee makes a number of recommendations. The substance of them is this: You may start building your house any month in the year without much danger of weather interference. Most owners actually do begin in April. The man who avoids the rush and begins his building operations in September or thereabouts can have a better house for less money. These statements are, of course, qualified. It is said that each community must determine for itself the particular time at which the largest number of workers in the various building trades are unemployed, and it is suggested that community organizations promote surveys for this purpose.

The big fact is that building operations can be carried on at any time of the year. The supporting and qualifying facts are contained in a very brief report, a copy of which may be bought for five cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Those who are interested in preventing the general depression due to seasonal unemployment as well as those who would like to save money in building or repairs might spare a nickel for such a purchase.

Mr. Davis Begins His Campaign

WHEN John W. Davis was nominated by the Democratic Convention, little was known, as we said at the time, of his specific views on debatable questions. He was indeed nominated because his views were not known, and therefore had not involved him in the factional war within the party. For that reason his speech of acceptance was awaited with some special interest and curiosity.

Published just as we are going to press, this speech makes it clear that Mr. Davis intends to base his campaign on criticism of the Republican Party rather than upon a distinctive, constructive programme. As the leader of his party, he has naturally sought for an issue on which the factions within his party can unite, and he has evidently decided that that issue is to be found in the weaknesses of his opponents. That part of his speech, therefore, in which he brings accusations against the Republican Party is the strongest part and the most specific. He outlines his charges as follows:

> A Senator of the United States convicted of corrupt practice in the purchase of his Senatorial seat; a Secretary of the Interior, in return for bribes, granting away the Naval Oil Reserves so necessary to the security of the country; a Secretary of the Navy ignorant of the spoliation in progress, if not indifferent to it; an Attorney-General admitting bribe-takers to the Department of Justice, making them his boon companions, and utilizing the agencies of the law for purposes of private and political vengeance; a Chief of the Veterans' Bureau stealing and helping others to steal the millions in money and supplies provided for the relief of those defenders of the Nation most entitled to the Nation's gratitude and care.

Though not all of these accusations are proved by evidence acceptable in court, and though in one case at least (that of Senator Newberry) the accusation when brought before the highest tribunal, the United States Supreme Court, was not upheld, Mr. Davis has struck the Republican Party at the most vulnerable point. It is true that he does not fasten any guilt upon the present Administration, and can connect it with the past only by stating that it failed to take the initiative in disclosing the evils. We do not believe that when he speaks of "aid and assistance from the Executive branch . . . to suppress testimony, to discourage witnesses," etc., he was trying to bring any accusation against President Coolidge himself by innuendo, though his statement may have the effect that he was trying to do so. Only less vulnerable is the next point at which he makes his attack—the disorganization within the Republican Party itself, and the consequent failure of the President to secure adequate support from the members of his own party in Congress.

Mr. Davis, of course, fails to mention the fact that the Democratic Party avoided the worst scandals in the war only by adopting a cost-plus system which was as abhorrent a system as could well be devised, for it avoided illegal corruption only by legitimatizing extortion. Of course, also, Mr. Davis avoids reference to the disorganization and division within his own party.

In his criticism of the Republican Party for its foreign policy Mr. Davis is less successful than in his attacks on its misdeeds and failures at home. Apparently he regards words as more important than deeds. At least he objects not so much to what the Government under a Republican Administration has done abroad as to the fact that it has done it by means of men who are called "unofficial observers." Concerning the Washington Conference all he says of it in criticism is that it is "of more than doubtful value;" and of the Dawes Plan, which has brought Europe for the first time since the war to the door of hope, that Secretary Hughes's statement—that if America had presented it as a Governmental matter we should have been involved in a hopeless debate—was "an amazing confession of . . . impotence." Mr. Davis apparently thinks that it is better to be present in Europe with official representatives, even if we do

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nothing, than to act through unofficial observers and accomplish a great deal. Otherwise Mr. Davis would have explicitly denounced the Dawes Plan.

Mr. Davis's speech is most disappointing in that portion which affirms his policies. For the most part he states them in vague and general terms. He is most explicit in his views on taxation. He attacks the Mellon Bill as the result of an effort to "favor the few possessors of swollen incomes beyond the many of moderate means," and he evidently accepts as sound the views of taxation which have been advocated by William Jennings Bryan, for he apparently assumes that all taxes are ultimately paid by those upon whom they are directly levied. As to the tariff, while thoroughly denouncing the present schedules, he proposes in their place nothing more definite than "a statute designed primarily to raise revenue for the support of the Government and framed on a truly competitive basis." On the questions raised in the controversy over the Ku Klux Klan Mr. Davis, without mentioning the Klan by name, makes the following statement, translating his views into terms of action:

> Into my hands will fall, when I am elected, the power to appoint thousands of persons to office under the Federal Government. When that time arrives I shall set up no standard of religious faith or racial origin as a qualification for any office. My only query concerning any appointee will be whether he is honest, whether he is competent, whether he is faithful to the Constitution. No selection to be made by me will be dictated, inspired or influenced by the race or creed of the appointee.

For specific and clear statements on most of the chief debatable questions before the country the reader of this speech will search in vain. Mr. Davis advocates the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, but he says nothing about the present prohibitory statute. Is he in favor of relaxing it? He does not say. What plans has he for the reorganization of the railways or for the modification of railway regulation? His answer does not appear. He says nothing definite about Conservation. Does he approve, for example, of the specific plans approved by Senator Walsh, of Montana? Or does he hold to the policies which were laid down by Theodore Roosevelt? Nothing in his speech tells. He has nothing to say about immigration. He mentions both disarmament and the maintenance "of the means of adequate National defense;" but he says nothing which would either allay the fears of those who dread all preparation for war as provocative of war, or reassure those who believe that the Government's first duty is to provide for the safety and security of the people. Even as to the League of Nations, of which he is known to be a strong advocate, he is willing to say: "Neither have I at any time believed, nor do I now believe, that the entrance of America into the League can occur, will occur, or should occur until the common judgment of the American people is ready for the step." Whether he thinks the American people are ready for the step now, or should be urged to take the step, he does not say.

Before The Outlook of this date will have reached all its readers President Coolidge will have delivered his speech of acceptance. When that appears the issue will have been joined. The campaign does not seem to us quite so issueless as Mr. Frost, in his correspondence on another page, makes it appear. Until, however, we have before us the President's speech, we shall defer further comment.

Mr. Mason's Articles

THOSE who think of art in any of its forms as merely a means of enjoyment miss its true value. It is not merely a decoration, it is a revelation.

Those who measure the greatness of a picture, or a cathedral, or a statue, or a symphony, by the thrill that it gives them do not understand it. Painting, architecture, sculpture, and music are not intellectual substitutes for a roller-coaster. They are means by which man sees the universe in which he lives as it really is.

The artist, therefore, has a function not unlike that of the philosopher and the prophet. Instead, however, of thinking out the truth in abstract form, as the philosopher does, or summoning mankind to faith in the truth, as the prophet does, the true artist seeks to put the truth into visible or audible form.

Of all the arts there is none that performs this function quite so directly as music. Speaking a universal language and unconstrained by the need for serving any other purpose, music in the hands of a great artist is as near perfection in an imperfect world as man can attain.

To understand music it is not necessary to understand the technique of the artist, but it is necessary to understand his aims and something of his means. In the articles which begin in this issue of The Outlook Daniel Gregory Mason makes these aims and these means clear. Taking the folk-song as one of the simple and basic forms of music, these articles will consider in turn the Art Song, the Opera, Piano Music, and Chamber Music. They are designed not merely for the musically uninformed, though we believe readers who know little or nothing of even the elementary terms used in music can understand and enjoy them, but also for those who, however versed in music, are glad to re-examine at intervals the foundations of the art.

A New Hot Weather Sport

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

ONE would hardly call the study of the dictionary a midsummer sport, and yet during the recent "spell" of hot weather the heat drove me to the dictionary, in which I found a good deal of entertainment. The sport consisted in attempting to tag elusive definitions which refused to be caught, or, when caught, to give intelligible information. The game was started by my attempt, with the few reference books at my command, to find out the meteorological difference between "mean temperature" and "average temperature." I came out of the game much more confused and heated than when I went in. I learned only one thing accurately, namely, that one way to keep cool is to abstain from consulting thermometric tables.

The New York "Tribune" in its daily calendar of the weather recently stated that the highest temperature of August 7 was 92 and that the lowest temperature was 74, and from this deduced the information that the average temperature for the day was 83. Now I had a dim recollection, surviving from such smattering scientific knowledge as I acquired forty years ago in a small New

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England college, that the mean temperature of a given day is the average of the highest and lowest temperatures of that day, and that the average temperature is the average of many readings of the thermometer taken at stated intervals during the twenty-four hours. None of my acquaintances whom I consulted during the day, many of them highly educated and highly intelligent, although none of them professionally scientific, could give me any coherent explanation of the problem. So in the evening I turned to the Standard Dictionary. In that mighty two-volume work I found the adjective "mean" defined as "intermediate as to position occupied; between extremes; equidistant from given limits; average." The substantive "mean" is defined to be "the middle point or state between two extremes; a quantity having an intermediate value between two extremes, or between several quantities, especially the average or arithmetical mean." Next I turned to "average" and found that it is "the quotient of any sum divided by the number of its terms." Here I was at sea because it is quite apparent that the average of the two extremes of a series of numbers is not always the same as the average of the entire series.

Expert mathematicians will of course laugh at all this. There is undoubtedly some simple explanation of the words "mean" and "average" as applied to temperature. I am, however, simply trying to show how little the lexicographers help an honest layman who is sincerely seeking for information.

Having failed to get any help from the dictionary, I bethought myself of turning to the word temperature. I found nothing there about "mean" or "average" temperature, but read with great care and bewilderment the following enlightening paragraph:

> The temperature of one body is said to be higher or lower than that of another according as it imparts heat or receives it from the other when the two are brought into contiguity. Besides this relative criterion of temperature scientists recognize an absolute one, regarding temperature as a measure of molecular motion and measuring it from absolute zero (see ABSOLUTE), whose position is calculated from thermodynamic data and laws. The air—or gas—thermometer conforms almost exactly, and the mercurial thermometer quite nearly, to this thermodynamic definition of temperature. Compare THERMOMETER.

The molecular motion of my game of tag was by this time getting extremely thermodynamic. Nevertheless I took a long breath, turned and pursued THERMOMETER. Capturing it, this is what I found: "An instrument for measuring temperature. See TEMPERATURE."

By this time, utterly exhausted, I gave up the chase, knowing no more about the subject than when I began except that the average temperature for August 7 was a very mean one. While resting from my labors in the foregoing pursuit of knowledge, and ruminating on the peculiarities of lexicographers, I recalled that one July day about twenty-five years ago a small nephew asked me if house-flies die at the end of the summer, after laying their eggs, like butterflies, or live for several seasons, like birds. I endeavored to get the information out of the dictionary and encyclopædia. These useful books referred me from house-fly to *Musca domestica,* thence to *Lepidoptera,* thence to *Diptera* where I paused long enough to learn that the house-fly belongs to "an order of euglossate insects having a single anterior pair of membranous wings with radiating nervures and a posterior pair of poisers or halteres, and a suctorial proboscis: includes the flies, gnats, mosquitoes, etc." Thus driven back to house-fly, I was again turned in the direction of *Musca domestica,* and should have been going the rounds yet, like a horse in a treadmill, if my nephew had not happily forgotten to push his question to an ultimate solution.

Dr. Johnson, in his famous Dictionary, defines a lexicographer as "a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge." With the word drudge I have no quarrel, but I take issue with Dr. Johnson in his employment of the adjective harmless. It is certainly harmful to get into a passion, and I know of no book that can be more exasperating than the dictionary or the encyclopædia can be at times. Boswell relates that a lady once asked Dr. Johnson "how he came to define *Pastern* the *knee* of a horse: instead of making an elaborate defense, as she expected, he at once answered, 'Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance!'" I should be inclined to say that the trouble with the modern lexicographer is not ignorance but too much knowledge. Dr. Johnson was not a scholar in the modern sense of the word, and, while his conversation was direct, incisive, and witty, he often wrote ponderously. But his ponderosity was not mere dull, dead weight; it had, as Burke said, the strength of an oak. In its heaviest moments it had wit. Johnson was one of the executors of the estate of his friend Thrale. "When the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward," says Boswell, "Johnson appeared bustling about, with an inkhorn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.'" When traveling with Boswell in Scotland, a country which Johnson affected to despise, Boswell called the great Doctor's attention to a mountain as being "immense;" Johnson somewhat contemptuously replied, "No; it is no more than a considerable protuberance!"

It would be too much, I suppose, to ask modern dictionary makers to get this kind of picturesque language into their definitions. On the day of high mean temperature which was the occasion of this article my wife remarked, "What a hot sound that locust makes." "Yes," I replied, "but what a cool song that house-wren sings!" This brief interchange of ideas sent me again to the dictionary in quest of information. I found that the American locust is a cicada, and that the cicada is "one of other hemipters and orthopters, as the locust or cricket, that makes a stridulating sound." The word stridulating has its root in the Latin verb *strido,* which means to creak. Now creaking comes from friction, and friction implies heat. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that the sound of the locust or the cricket should emphasize the hot weather in which they apparently rejoice. In this case the dictionary was enlightening, but it gave no explanation as to why the cheerful song of the little house-wren, that lives in a tiny, swaying, cylindrical box which is suspended by a wire from the limb of the maple tree just outside my library window, should be so cool and refreshing. The dictionary simply says that the wren is "a troglodytine bird, especially of *Troglodytes* or a related genus, having short rounded wings and a short tail carried erect. *Troglodytes troglodytes* is the common Old World wren. The house-wren (*Troglodytes aedon*), the winter wren (*Troglodytes hiemalis*), Bewick's wren (*Thryothorus bewicki*), and the Carolina wren

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(*Troglodytes ludovicianus*) are familiar North American examples."

How such a little bird with such a gigantic nomenclature can sing such an angelic song is hard to conceive. But the song is cooling, I surmise, because it is a spray of rippling, sparkling, limpid melody. It suggests the tinkling, dripping, splashing of a fountain of clear, cold water in the sunlight. For the *Troglodytes aedon,* unlike most other song birds, sings all day long—even in the heat of a midsummer noon. It is a serene and refreshing friend to have about the house on a day of irritating thermometric readings—or, perhaps I should say, of thermodynamic dictionary readings.

Our Four-Handed Political Chess Game

Special Correspondence by STANLEY FROST

A VISITOR from Mars might well wonder what the Presidential campaign was all about. This is almost the most complicated, confusing, and unsatisfactory campaign on record. The intricacies of the last three-party campaign, when Wilson, Roosevelt, and Taft were running, will be more than doubled.

This is because this year we have not only three parties, but the Ku Klux Klan. La Follette will cut across the campaigns of both the big parties, and then the Klan will cut into all three. There are still other minor parties. Thus there are many different elements involved, each of them of a strength as yet unknown, any of them likely to coalesce presently into combinations as yet unguessable but sure to be weird. It is these elements which make the victory of the Republicans uncertain, in spite of the immense advantages with which they start the campaign. It is a four-handed game of chess—each player moving at will against all the other three, and with onlookers permitted to take part, too!

All the minorities are in some degree against the G. O. P., but that is about the only similarity between them, and that is not always the controlling motive with any of them. Each one, and particularly the La Follette and Klan groups, has ambitions and troubles of its own; each threatens both the big parties in some ways; each is likely to be able to throw sand in the bearings of either of the big machines.

We are quite likely, therefore, to discover in November that the election has been decided by some obscure factor which so far has not even been considered.

At the risk of repeating fundamentals of politics already understood by many readers, I should like first to review the tactical situation which gives comparatively small minorities so overwhelming a power in the present campaign. It is not probable that all these minorities together will control fifteen per cent of the total vote, so it is important to get firmly in mind the circumstances which endow that small vote with such a leverage. These circumstances depend on the balance of power both inside many States and between all the States in the Nation at large.

Where the Minorities Get Their Power

IF there were some big issue or some big enthusiasm in the present campaign, this minority power would disappear. It is only the issueless, characterless nature of the present campaign, when most voters neither want nor hope for anything in particular, and when they may be induced to act on prejudice, minor resentments, or personal, class, and sectional interests, that gives the guerrilla forces a chance.

As it is, their first opportunity will come inside the States. In most States this year it is not likely that either party will have any very large majority—100,000 may be considered a fair average. Now if one of the minority forces can go into such a State and draw that number of votes away from the stronger of the big parties, it will defeat that big party, even though it gets nothing for itself. As an example: New York State is normally Republican, but this year the Democrats are hoping to carry it by a narrow margin, perhaps inside 50,000. Suppose, as is possible, that La Follette runs in that State, draws a labor vote of two or three hundred thousand, most of which would come from the Democratic strength. It is plain that his campaign would return the State to the Republicans.

Again, it is quite possible that the Klan will be able to throw a large part of its vote to either party as its leaders see fit. It has done this in many primaries. There are above twenty States in which its membership is over the 100,000 mark. In any such State, therefore, it is quite likely to be able to upset the "normal" situation and give the State to either party, regardless of the major campaigns and campaign issues.

The situation is similar when we come to the Electoral College. To elect a President some party must have a majority—266—of the electors' 531 votes. If La Follette can carry enough States so that the total of his electoral votes and of those of either major party is above that number—266—he will prevent any election. This would leave the choice of a President to the present House of Representatives, where, through the Farm Bloc, La Follette believes, he could dictate the results. But the Klan also has members in the House, and will put others under obligations during the coming campaign, so that it, too, will have a finger in that pie. Incidentally, since La Follette's war record was hardly one hundred per cent American, the Klan, to be consistent, must fight him all down the line.

La Follette's original plan was to campaign in the Northwest and the wheat belt, getting all his strength by cutting into the Republican vote. Since the nomination of so conservative a Democrat as Davis, however, and the rallying to La Follette of the semi-radical labor leaders, it is likely that this campaign will cut into the Democratic strength almost as much as into the Republican. The support promised him by Senator Wheeler and other "Progressive Democrats" is only the beginning of the damage that may be caused the Davis ticket. Far worse is the minority cutting that may be caused in States which would otherwise go to Davis. Since there is little chance that La Follette himself could get most of them, this means that they would be thrown to Coolidge. If that happens with even a few, La Follette would beat his own scheme, for to succeed he must make sure that he and Davis between them have an Electoral College majority.

In general, it may be said that in the farming States La Follette, by rolling up a fairly large vote, would cut under Coolidge and throw the States he failed to win to Davis. But in the East, where the La Follette strength is with labor and the hyphenates, he would cut far

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more heavily from the Democratic vote, and give the advantage to Coolidge.

He might, on this basis, win for himself, besides Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, and Wyoming, which are at present rather conceded, the States of Iowa, Colorado, Idaho, and Nebraska, with 31 votes, giving him a total of 73.

He might, on the same basis, cut from the Republican vote enough to throw to Davis the States of Iowa, Illinois, California, Ohio, and Washington, with 86 electoral votes. This would elect Davis.

But he might also, by the same means, throw to Coolidge Colorado, Idaho, Kentucky, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, and Oklahoma, with 110 electoral votes. This would elect Coolidge overwhelmingly, and utterly wreck La Follette's whole purposes in the campaign.

All these possibilities carry very big "ifs" with them; it is not suggested for a moment that more than a small part of them will happen. Certainly they cannot all happen, but any of them might, and they are listed as an indication of the complications and unexpectednesses which the campaign at this early stage contains.

The Weaknesses of the Minorities

SOME clever politicians deny that La Follette can carry anything but Wisconsin. It is doubtful, for example, whether the labor vote, which is counted upon to form so large a part of his strength, can actually be delivered. It has been promised to other candidates in previous campaigns, but has never appeared at the polls. This may be the exception. Just as likely, he may find the labor vote as great a delusion as have other men who depended on it.

There is an even greater question in regard to the farmer vote, and this hinges on the problem, never answered, whether the farmer is Progressive because he believes in the platform La Follette puts out, or merely because he is dissatisfied. It is my own belief that "Progressivism" to him is chiefly not a principle but a protest. While there are many farmers who are convinced of the value of the various La Follette planks, I believe that the majority are conservative, and will vote that way if they become convinced that they will have a fair deal and be treated as equals by the Republican leaders. This, however, is merely an opinion. It will take the election to give a complete answer. It is to be noted, though, that most politicians believe that the fact that wheat is rising in price will seriously handicap the La Follette campaign, since it will decrease the discontent among the farmers and their desire to protest.

In addition, La Follette has one serious weakness—he is running "in the air," without the support of State, Congressional, and local candidates all along the line. It is really the local candidates he needs most, for they are the ones who construct the working parts of the party machinery, get the vote to the polls, and in general see that the top of the ticket has a fair chance. La Follette is without this great asset, and has no means of supplying or offsetting it.

There is one final complication which, though it does not involve his immediate campaign, vitally affects his plans. If he does throw the election into the House, what will he do with it? The House can only choose between the three leading candidates: there is no chance that either party would agree on La Follette himself, and between Davis and Coolidge, how can La Follette choose and be true to the principles he avows? It seems almost that his campaign, whatever its strength, has lost its purpose before it starts, and that all it can possibly accomplish will be to confuse and perhaps wreck the campaigns of the two big parties. Of course it will "voice a protest," but that has small political value.

With the Ku Klux Klan the situation is quite different, but no less confusing. As between the two candidates it is approximately neutral so far. It has no particular reason for supporting either candidate. It is in a position to handle the campaign on the basis of what it can get out of it; to determine its support by the amount of protection, recognition, and indorsement of Klan policies which the candidates will promise. It seems safe to say that neither candidate has yet promised anything.

But the Klan's policy is complicated both by the natural leanings of its members and by the politics of local situations. In general, the Southern Klansmen are Democrats and the Northern ones Republicans. If they are left alone, they will vote normally. In some States it is probable that party ties are so strong that the Klan would be unable to swing the State—it could hardly make Texas Republican or Pennsylvania Democratic—but it is likely that the Klan could swing thirteen States to either party, as it chooses. These are California, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota, New Jersey, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Tennessee. These have a total of 183 electoral votes, and would insure the election of the man who got them all.

In making this analysis each factor has been considered by itself, as if there were no offset. Of course this will never happen. In almost every State where the Klan operates La Follette will also be a factor; the two will be opposed, they may offset each other or may not. In some States there are still other factors, such as the Farmer-Labor Party, which will subtract from La Follette's strength in the Northwest. And the problem in each State will be different. Let me try to state it in figures for a typical State.

Iowa is normally Republican by about 150,000. Brookhart carried the recent primaries by 30,000. To figure the probable net vote in the State, take the 150,000 Republican margin, subtract the votes which will follow Brookhart to the La Follette camp, then add the Democratic Klansmen who will vote Republican if asked, and the other Democrats who will reduce Davis's total by voting for La Follette or Foster; discount the whole by the probable price of wheat late in November and the size of the wheat crop, and make allowance for how well General Dawes can convince the farmers that the G. O. P. is their friend, or Governor Bryan can convince them that it isn't; figure in the condition of the weather on election day and the size of the three campaign funds and the efficiency of the two big machines in getting out the vote; finally, allow a margin of error for anything of political importance that may happen between now and then; when you have done all these things correctly, you have the answer!

The Possibility of an Unintended Decision

THAT is a fair average statement of the problem in each of the doubtful States, and, considering the Klan and La Follette as factors, there are a good twenty of them. If any man has yet formed any well-based judgment as to how all this will work out, he has kept himself hidden.

The one thing that is clear is that the coming election seems likely to be decided, not by the will of the majority of the people, but by these two guerrilla minorities, opposed to each other, but each with ambitions to which they will cheerfully subordinate the National result. It is certain that each of them will do serious damage to both of the two big parties, but it is impossible, for months to come, to guess which of the many injuries they cause may be the fatal one. They assure us an interesting campaign.

Incidentally, there is considerable irony in the fact that the whole situation is so complicated that either the Klan or La Follette may strike the decisive blow without either knowledge or intent, and achieve a result entirely opposite to that desired.

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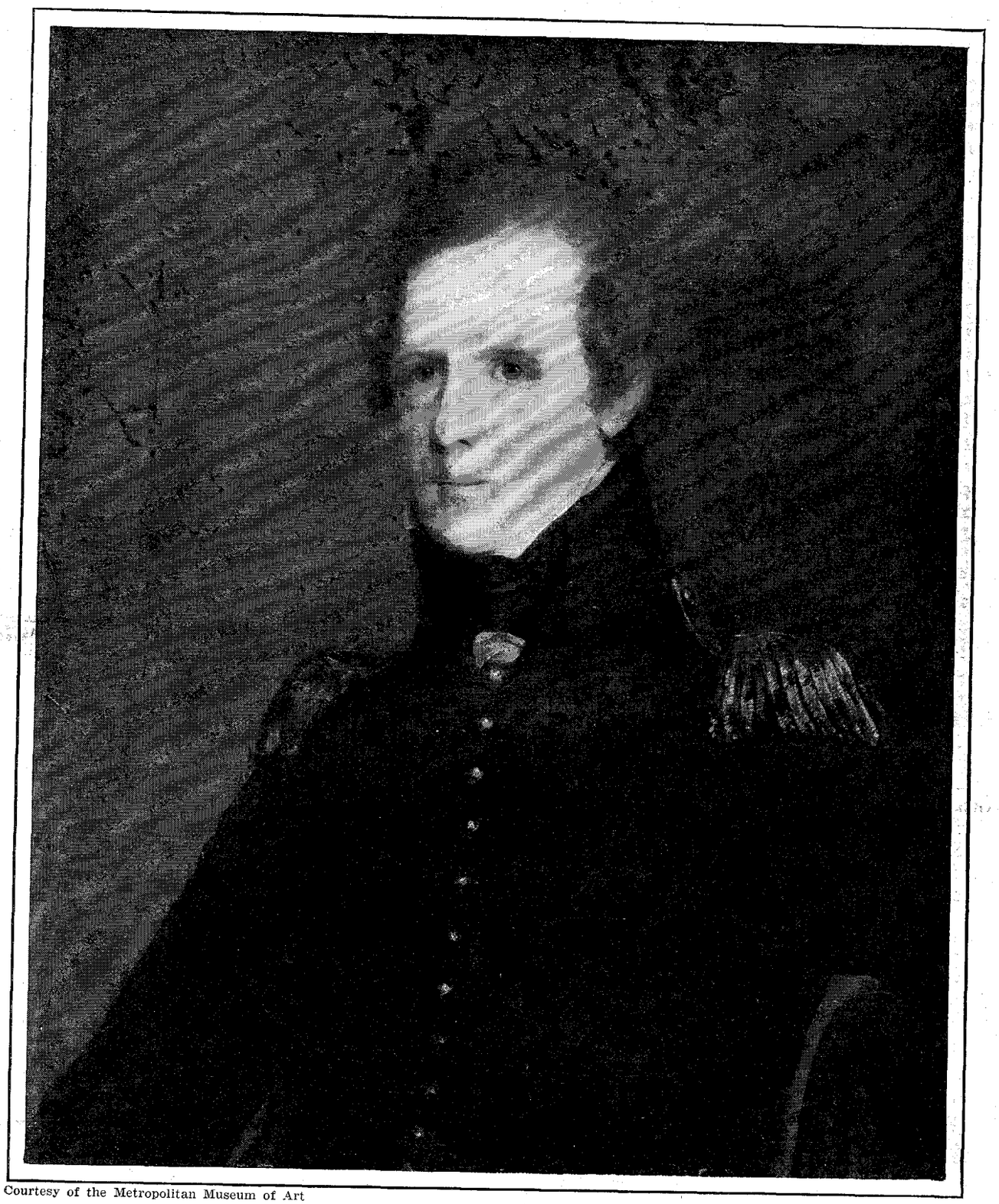
American Types



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Portraits of Major John Biddle and Mrs. Biddle, of Philadelphia, gifts of Major-General John Biddle to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, where they have just been installed. Major Biddle was a soldier of the War of 1812, and was later

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# of an Older Era

Indian Agent in Wisconsin and Territorial Delegate from Michigan. The paintings are by Thomas Sully, the well-known portraitist, whose pictures of eminent Americans of the post-Revolutionary epoch are to be found in various American museums

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Folk-Songs[1]

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

ANY one who wishes to strengthen, refine, and develop his appreciation of the varied beauties of music will naturally begin his study with folk-songs.

In the sincerity and spontaneity of these songs there is something profoundly refreshing, especially to a taste jaded by luxury, as much of our musical taste is; so that we turn to them as instinctively as lovers of literary expression, for instance, have always in sophisticated periods turned to the ballads and songs of the people. And as we find ourselves drawing new strength from their musical genuineness, so we purify our taste by contact with their childlike simplicity and artlessness.

Moreover, too much of our "advanced" music is professional in spirit. Preoccupied with the means of execution, brought by virtuosos and by mechanical instruments to an inhuman perfection, it forgets the end which alone justifies all these means—the expression of feeling. It is as empty as it is elaborate. The ideal of folk-song is just the opposite; it tries to express as much as possible in the simplest, easiest, and most natural way. The very fact of its communal origin—its being passed from mouth to mouth among the people, who have no professional training and only modest skill—saves it from the arteriosclerosis of professionalism from which most of our so-called "art" music dies prematurely.

Again, even the limitations of folk-song may prove helpful to the would-be appreciator who is approaching music without much previous experience. Fortunate is it for him that folk music is primitive, that though it pursues the same kinds of beauty and expressiveness as the opera, the sonata, the string quartette, and the symphony, it pursues them under simpler conditions and on a smaller scale. As the lover of poetry may comprehend a song of Burns before he is ready for a tragedy of Shakespeare, so the music-lover may prepare himself for Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by studying in the German folk-songs the acorns, so to speak, of which it is the oak.

Folk-songs, then, are fitted to strengthen our musical feeling because they are spontaneous rather than sophisticated; to raise and universalize it because they are communal rather than individual, amateur rather than professional; and to develop it because, since they are primitive, they afford the natural beginning for a study which can lead only gradually to the more complex types of musical art.

Folk-Songs are "Spontaneous"

THE fact that folk-songs arise spontaneously, as an unconscious and instinctive expression of feeling, uncomplicated by the extraneous motives which often influence individual composers, such as ambition to be talked about (leading to "queerness"), desire to exhibit skill (leading to virtuosity), intellectual curiosity (leading to elaborations of style), and the like, makes them admirable revealers of the qualities that are really fundamental in music, in contrast with the secondary characteristics that later come to overlay these. They stick closely in their expression, for instance, to two basic, contrasting moods, which persist right through the development of music up to the Beethoven symphony and the Strauss symphonic poem, and which we may suggest in such pairs of adjectives as "grave" and "gay," "contemplative" and "active," or "songful" and "dance-like." The pair of Russian folk-songs shown in Figure I, illustrating this contrast, could be easily paralleled in the folk music of any nation. The beautiful but infinitely sad "Volga Boat Song" (Figure I *a*), sung by the serfs in the old days as they wearily worked their heavily laden boats up and down the interminable river, carries in its cadences something of their utter physical fatigue and spiritual hopelessness; in that fatalistic harping on the D minor chord, over and over again—in the painful lift to the high B flat in the fifth measure, and inevitable slow descent. Like all really expressive music, it moves us, not by telling a definite story, with all the detail that would be appropriate in literary art, but rather by setting up in us directly, by its very tones, harmonies, movement, and cadences, the appropriate state of feeling. And so with the other tune (Figure I *b*), where all is animation and gayety; the notes are as full of vitality as the feet of a child on a bright morning; they dance, as it were, in spite of themselves, and our thoughts dance with them.

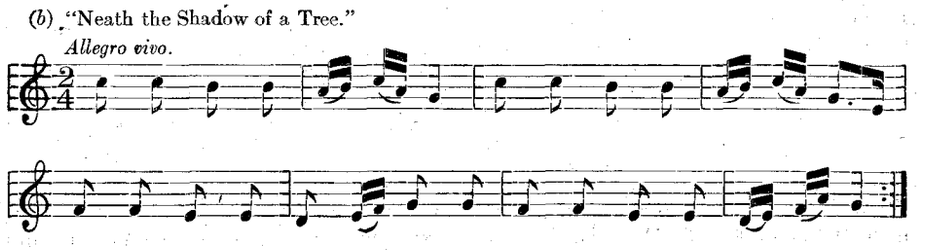
Folk-Songs are "Communal" and therefore "Primitive"

BUT, fundamental as are these impulses to expression, they do not take us very far in the explanation of what is finest in music, which, as has been well said, "is not the expression of great emotion, but the great expression

Figure I.

(*a*) Volga Boat-Song.

(*b*) "Neath the Shadow of a Tree."



[1] The substance of this article will appear later in Mr. Mason's book, "From Song to Symphony," prepared for the Study Course of the National Federation of Music Clubs and soon to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company.—The Editors.

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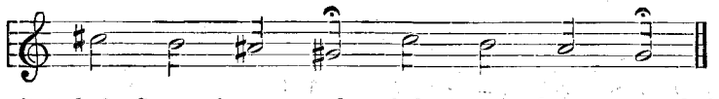
of emotion." The difference between great and mediocre music will always be found to boil down to the matter of musical organization, crystallization, or shape. And this in turn boils down in every case to some form of rhythm: rhythm of beats in the measure, of notes in the phrase, of phrases in the melody, of melodies and of keys in the sonata or symphony. All these kinds of rhythmic organization, moreover, are exhibited in unparalleled clearness in folk-songs, because any more elaborate relations that might be introduced by some specially gifted individual simply drop out as the songs pass from mouth to mouth. We must remember that these songs always arise among unlettered people; they are not written down; and as they pass through many minds and mouths they cannot retain any complexities that transcend average powers and memories. Individual art may become, for better or worse, highly complex; communal art necessarily remains primitive; and folk-songs are thus always simple enough to illustrate much more obviously than symphonies the essential principles of shape that govern both.

Rhythm in "Motives"

WHEN the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra was entertained at supper by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the American group, made his French colleagues an address of welcome, in the course of which, after referring to the part France was playing in the war, he made a signal to four trumpeters, ranged behind him, who forthwith played very solemnly these notes:

Every one present was all attention; you could have heard a pin drop. What was going to happen? Then suddenly they burst out:

The "Marseillaise"! Of course—but nobody knew it until its rhythm crystallized it. Mr. Damrosch went on to compliment the great French pianist M. Alfred Cortot on his playing of César Franck's beautiful "Symphonic Variations." Another pause and signal, and the trumpeters intoned:



What was it to be? Some of us guessed it this time, but were none the less delighted when the spirited theme of the finale of Franck's piece rang out:

Here was an arresting example of how music owes its fundamental character, its very recognizability, to rhythm. Sing "Dixie" in notes all the same length, and you will hardly recognize it. The notes have to group themselves in patterns (the technical term for which is "motives"—pronounced "moteeves") or we don't know what they are all about, any more than we should know what a poem was about if we took it word by word instead of grouping together the words that belong together, as, for instance, in Pope's famous lines "A little learning"—"a dangerous thing"—"drink deep"—"taste not"—and "the Pierian spring." In all music the notes thus fall into motives, just as in poetry the words fall into groups. This fact gives a valuable cue to the would-be appreciator of music. The apprehension of these motives is evidently as vital an act for him as the creation of them by his imagination is for the composer. To notice them as they occur, to remember them, and to recognize them when they recur is the very foundation of music appreciation.

Rhythm of Phrases

THE analogy with poetry holds good, too, for longer groups than the motives. For just as in Pope's couplet the whole first line (though it contains two "motives") is perceived as one unit, and is marked off clearly from what follows by a fall or cadence of the voice (the word "cadence" coming from *cado*—to fall), so in "The Star-Spangled Banner," to take a familiar example, the first twelve notes, although they make two motives of six notes each, nevertheless hang together as one "line," or, to use the customary term, one "phrase," closing with its cadence. And just as in Pope the second line, ending with its own cadence, balances the first and completes its meaning, so the second phrase of "The Star-Spangled Banner," consisting of the next twelve notes, and also ending with its own cadence, balances the first and completes its meaning. Phrases in music, then, balance as do lines in poetry, and are completed by cadences more or less like the familiar "Amen" of hymn tunes in their effect of finality, though not always so complete as that.

No more in music than in poetry, however, are the phrases all necessarily of the same length; indeed, there is a special charm in making them differ in length, so that their scheme of balance is not too obvious. In the "Volga Boat Song," the first two phrases correspond with the motives and are only two measures[2] each. The third phrase, twice as long, balances the first two. Phrases 4 and 5 are of equal length, and balance each other. Phrases 6, 7, and 8 repeat 1, 2, and 3. The balancing of the phrases in this case is further emphasized by their ending, the first three on the same harmony (the chord of D minor), just as three lines in a poem might end with the same sound, or "rhyme," and the next two on another harmony (the chord of B flat major), while the last three end on D minor again. Thus phrases may not only balance in length like verses of poetry, but also "rhyme," so to speak, by ending with the same cadence.

We shall not wonder at this close correspondence between phrase rhythm in music and verse rhythm in poetry if we reflect that these arts are common descendants of the ancient art of dancing, and that if tone groups and word groups please us best when they balance it is because of immemorial association with groups of gestures and steps which *must* balance, since they are the movements of beings who, like ourselves, have two arms and two legs. All this fascinating story of the birth of music and poetry from the dance is preserved for us in language, where so much of history is deposited. The great linguist, Max Müller, traces it in a passage of his reminiscences.[3]

"Inspired utterance," he says, "requires, nay produces, rhythmic movements not only of the voice (song and prosodia) but of the body also (dance). In Greek, chorus means dance, measured movement, and the Greek choruses were originally dances; it can be proved that these dancing movements formed really the first meters of true poetry. Hence, it was quite natural that David should have danced before the Lord with all his might.

"Language itself bears witness to the

[2] The term "measure" indicates the number of beats between two consecutive bar lines. In the "Volga Boat Song" the measure contains two beats (each the value of a quarter note).

[3] Auld Lang Syne. By F. Max Müller. First Series, p. 42.

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fact that the oldest meters were the steps and movements of dancers. As the old dances consisted of steps, the ancient meters consisted of feet. Even we ourselves still speak of feet, not because we understand what it means, but simply because the Greeks and Romans spoke of feet, and they said so because originally the feet really marked the meter. The ancient poets of the Veda also speak of feet. The last syllables or steps of each line were called the *Vritta,* or the turn. originally the turn of the dancers, who seem to have been allowed to move more freely till they came to the end of one movement. Then, before they turned, or while they turned, they marked the steps more sharply and audibly, either as iambic or as trochaic, and afterwards marched back again with greater freedom. . . . Thus Sanskrit *Vritta,* the *turn,* came to mean the meter of the whole line, just as in Latin we have the same word *versus,* literally the turn, then verse, and this turn became the name for the line of poetry, and has remained so to the present day. There is no break in our history, and language is the chain that holds it together. A strophe also was originally a turning to be followed by the antistrophe or the return, all ideas derived from dancing."

Müller here throws an interesting light on the often noticed but seldom explained fact that the vast majority of musical phrases contain an even number of main accents (as indicated by measures: two, four, eight, and the like, such as we find in both of our Russian songs). On the other hand, phrases containing an *odd* number of main accents, as three or seven, such as are found in many Bohemian folk-songs, like this one—

always seem to us a little odd and irregular, their very charm being due largely to their unexpectedness. Is not this because two-armed and two-legged creatures like us find their normal rhythms in duple groups? If we happened to have three legs and arms, would not triple groups be the normal ones for us, and duple the piquantly abnormal? Were a star-fish musical, would he not like five-measure rhythms and five-phrase compositions, and would not his favorite piece of human music be the second movement of Tschaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathetique"?

Figure II.

"Far and High" — From "Hungarian Melodies," edited by Francis Korbay.

Rhythm of Harmonies and Keys

Just as we find terribly monotonous any music which, like that of many savages, is made of a single motive or phrase repeated literally over and over again, such as Parry has described in his "The Evolution of the Art of Music," so we should find our music boresome if it had to circulate always around one note, as the song " 'Neath the Shadow of a Tree" circulates around the note G. This circulating around a note is called "being in the key of" that note: we say that this song is "in the key of G." Another way to express it would be to say that the orbit in which the tune moves is the scale of G. If we examine the phrases of the other song, the "Volga Boat Song," in the light of this definition, we shall notice an interesting element of variety in it. The first three phrases all move in the orbit of the scale of D minor (as will be felt by playing them after this scale, consisting of the notes D, E, F, G, A, B flat, C, and D). They are thus in the "key" of D minor. But the next two phrases are not. The scale that defines the orbit in which they move is that of B flat: the tones B flat, C, D, E flat, F, G, A, B flat. In other words, these two phrases change key, or, as we say, "modulate" to the key of B flat. Then the last three move back again to D minor. This sort of excursion away from the point of departure in the middle of a piece of music, and return to it at the end, is the subtlest form of rhythm of all we have noted, and the subtlest means of all at the command of a composer for giving his work that variety in unity which is beauty.

From the childish crudity of such a song as " 'Neath the Shadow of a Tree," with its eight phrases all cadencing on the same note, up to the subtly ordered hierarchy of phrases in a Beethoven Andante or Adagio, we find all degrees of interest in the interplay of motive rhythms, phrase rhythms, and harmony or key rhythms, approaching usually in general outline the simple scheme of the "Volga Boat Song" in consisting of, first, a statement of the chief idea in the central key; second, a contrast section, "centrifugal," as we may call it, in that it makes an excursion away from the original key; and, finally, a "centripetal" return to the point of departure for the restatement of the original idea.

In the Hungarian song shown in Figure II the statement is made in two regular four-measure phrases, the first of which is entirely within the original key of D, while the second, starting there, goes off at a tangent, or, as we say, "modulates" to a contrasting center, the key of A. The contrast is in a single phrase, the first four measures after the heavy bar in the example. The return takes place in the fourth phrase, made far stronger

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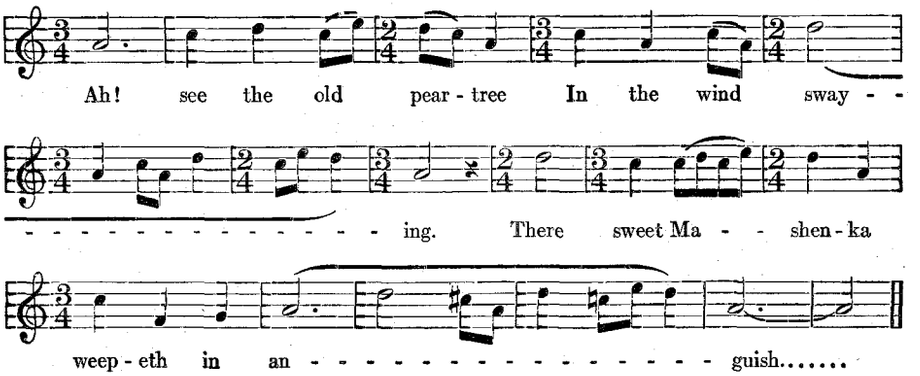
than its fellow, phrase 2, not only by being kept in the original key but by being lengthened to *five* measures, much as when we have something important to say we speak with a certain deliberation. The third and fourth phrases are repeated.

Folk-Songs are "Distinctive"

JUST as we saw that the communal character of folk-songs keeps them primitive, so a little thought will show that it will also, by eliminating foreign elements, keep them distinctively local. If any individual adds a feature to them which is not recognized and understood by the group as a whole, it will immediately fall out and be forgotten. So long as groups are small and cut off from each other, the distinctive character of each—its "local color," as we say—will be strong and undiluted. In sixteenth-century England, when the inhabitants of the next county were called "foreigners" and hated as such, the folk-songs of each county remained true to provincial type. Even to-day in the mountains of Kentucky,[4] where many people live and die without traveling more than ten miles from home, the folk music is essentially English, little changed from that brought over by their ancestors. Thus different provinces, nations, and even races, are differentiated by musical traits which make their music distinctive so long as they are not reduced to uniformity by intercommunication. Italian tunes tend to triple time, Negro tunes to duple, Russian (and Slavic tunes generally) to complex alternations of duple and triple measures, such as are illustrated in the 5–4 time of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" theme, or this delightful Russian song:

"Ah, See the Old Pear-Tree."

From "One Hundred Folk-songs of All Nations," Musicians Library.



Sometimes, while it is difficult to point to any special feature, there is nevertheless no doubt of the distinctive group character, as may be seen, for instance, by comparing any five German songs chosen at random from Erk's "Liederschatz," with any five songs from Tiersot's "Sixty Folk-Songs of France" (Musicians Library).

Intercommunication cancels out these distinctive peculiarities, or fuses them into a musical language that is cosmopolitan rather than racial, national, or provincial. Railways, telegraphs, telephones, newspapers, and magazines have sounded the knell of folk-songs in all modern countries, and most of all in America, where the racial stocks are so incredibly mingled. Our music, therefore, whether for better or worse, is inevitably eclectic, and no amount of wishing that it were Anglo-Saxon, or Negro, or Indian will make it so.[5] Rather than look romantically to a past that is fled forever, it would seem wiser for us to face realistically our position in the modern international world, and try hopefully to make a new art worthy of our new situation.

[4] See Mr. Howard Brockway's collection of "Kentucky Mountain Songs."

[5] See the present writer's chapter on "Music in America" in "Contemporary Composers."

In subsequent issues of The Outlook there will follow other articles by Mr. Mason which will explain how musical material is handled by composers and built up into great art forms. These articles are meant for all who would like not only to enjoy music but to know the reason for their enjoyment—and who does not? The next subject will be "Art Songs"

The Hunt for Sea Chicken

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

OUT of Smuggler's Cove, Santa Cruz Island, California, swept a seaplane and drummed away toward Anacapa, patrolling the channel as carefully as if it were on watch for submarines. It described interlacing "figure eights" which permitted its observer to scan every wave that passed under him. Suddenly the plane ceased to swing from the horizon and buzzed like a bee, in narrowing circles, over something in the water. Then it swung back toward Smuggler's Cove, and from it was tossed a "bomb," which drifted down gently, as if very light, and floated buoyantly when it struck the water.

A man in the crow's-nest of one of the boats in the mouth of the cove saw the "bomb" and excitedly shouted directions. In a minute the boat, which for hours had lain like a painted ship upon a painted sea, was speeding toward the floating speck, and two men in a dory soon captured it and brought it on board. It was a hollow, water-proofed, water-tight paper carton. The captain of the boat tore it open and spread out the paper that was in it. The paper was a map of the coast of southern and Lower California from fifty miles below San Diego to Point Conception, divided into ten squares by lines of latitude and longitude. In one of the two northernmost squares was an X, one point of which was an arrowhead.

The "bomb" was from the intelligence

FISH-HAWKS see their prey beneath the ocean's surface as in the war airplanes discovered submarines. Now in peace time airplanes have themselves turned fish-hawks and patrol the seas looking for schools of tuna and other fish to supply the tables of American homes. The Outlook published over three years ago an article in story form by Laurence La Tourette Driggs that peered into the future of this sea falconry. Mr. Moulton's article here printed shows that what was then foreseen has come to pass.—THE EDITORS.

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service of a large fish-canning company, and from the map and the accompanying foot-notes the captain knew that a large school of tuna swimming northwest had been spotted about five miles north of Anacapa.

In an instant the boat was racing to intercept the fish and the great purse-seine, twelve hundred feet long, was being prepared. It was a thrilling race for a worthy prize—thousands of dollars to be divided among the men on the boat if they should capture the school—but tuna can swim about ninety miles an hour.

Every man was at his post, quivering with eagerness, when an exultant shout from the crow's-nest told them the prize was within their grasp. Two men, holding one end of the great seine, immediately leaped into the dory, and the fishing boat, urged to the limit of its speed by its seventy-five horse-power motor, circled ahead and around the oncoming fish, playing out the seine as it sped. The top line of the seine was on the surface, while the leaded edge swiftly sank thirty fathoms. The leaping, playing fish dashed into it, and before they could dash out the under end of the seine had been drawn taut, closing them in like the flap of a purse, and 60,000 pounds of tuna were in captivity.

An Eastern magazine recently contained an article entitled "Wanted: A Master Fisherman," which lamented the asserted fact that the fish industry has not progressed. The great pastures of the sea, the article said, could supply more food than the great pastures of the land have supplied to the meat-packing companies if only some Armour or Swift of the fish business would put some system into it.

Evidently the author of that article was ignorant of the advanced methods employed by Los Angeles fishermen. Twenty-four fish-packing companies, the investments in which range from $100,000 to $1,500,000, are operating in the Pedro-Wilmington-Long Beach district, canning fish brought there from as much as nine hundred miles away, and in some ways their progressiveness is setting the pace for the fishermen of the world.

In the use of seaplanes, for instance, they are pioneers; in the equipment of boats they are ahead of most districts; in the maintenance of a fishing fleet of more than five hundred boats they have worked out a system of remarkable efficiency; and in the avoidance of waste they excel even the meat-packers. Every ounce of every fish is used, and some of it is used twice. From much that cannot be packed as food fish oil is extracted, and then the residue is made into fish meal, much in demand as fertilizer for orange and other fruit ranches.

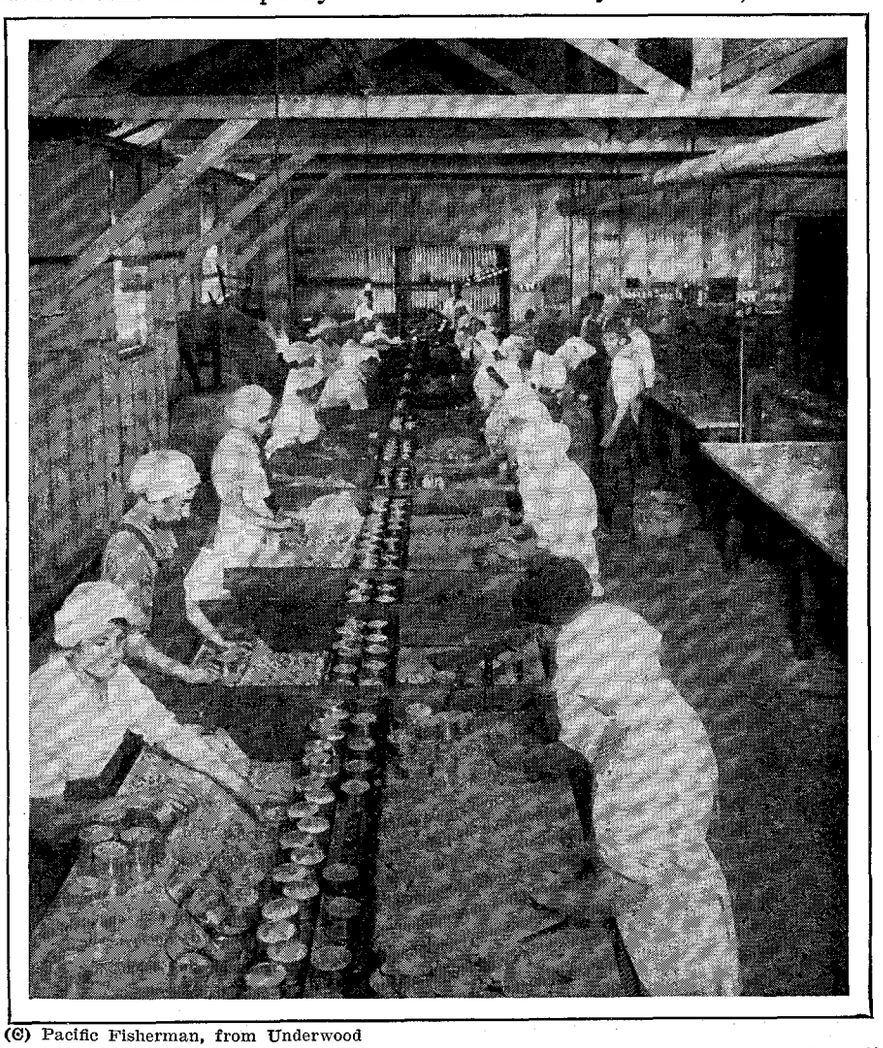
It is estimated that last season the Los Angeles canneries packed 30,000,000 tins of tuna. The tuna season ends in September, but following that the sardine season begins, and some of the packers do a bigger business in the winter than in the summer.

The use of the seaplane in locating tuna fish is comparatively new, and only the larger canning concerns are able to afford this form of scouting. The smaller companies and the independent fishermen rely upon the time-honored custom of sending their boats out cruising around until they find a school of tuna and then catching them with hook and line.

The hook-and-line boats start out of the harbor at two o'clock in the morning. There may be fifty or a hundred boats, and at practically the same moment they all lift their anchors and race for the open ocean. They are going after bait, which is in the form of sardines about four or five inches long and which are caught just outside the harbor. The sardines are caught in nets, and, as it is quite dark at the hour, each net is attached to a sort of floating dishpan in which a lighted lantern is placed. This lantern is to guide the man at the wheel, who gives the boat a slow turn while the net is being paid out. If he had judged correctly, when the net is all out his boat is again near the lantern. The fishermen then begin to pull in the net from both ends.

If they have good luck, there are many thousands of sardines in the net. These are used for live bait to tempt the tuna. If the first haul does not bring in a sufficient number of sardines, the net is again lowered and the boat noses around until an adequate supply is caught. The live sardines are then carefully lifted from the net with big dipper nets and placed in a huge tank built on the deck of the boat. It is necessary to keep a stream of fresh salt water constantly running through the tank, and this is accomplished by means of a hose attached to the engine of the boat. If for any reason the engine stops running, the fishermen grab buckets and dip water from the ocean into the tank until the engine starts again. The bait must be kept alive at all hazards.

When the boats have their tanks full of bait, they move farther out into the ocean, in different directions, until they usually lose sight of one another. By this time the sun is almost up, and a sharp lookout for tuna is kept. A line is let



(©) Pacific Fisherman, from Underwood

"It is estimated that last season the Los Angeles canneries packed 30,000,000 tins of tuna"

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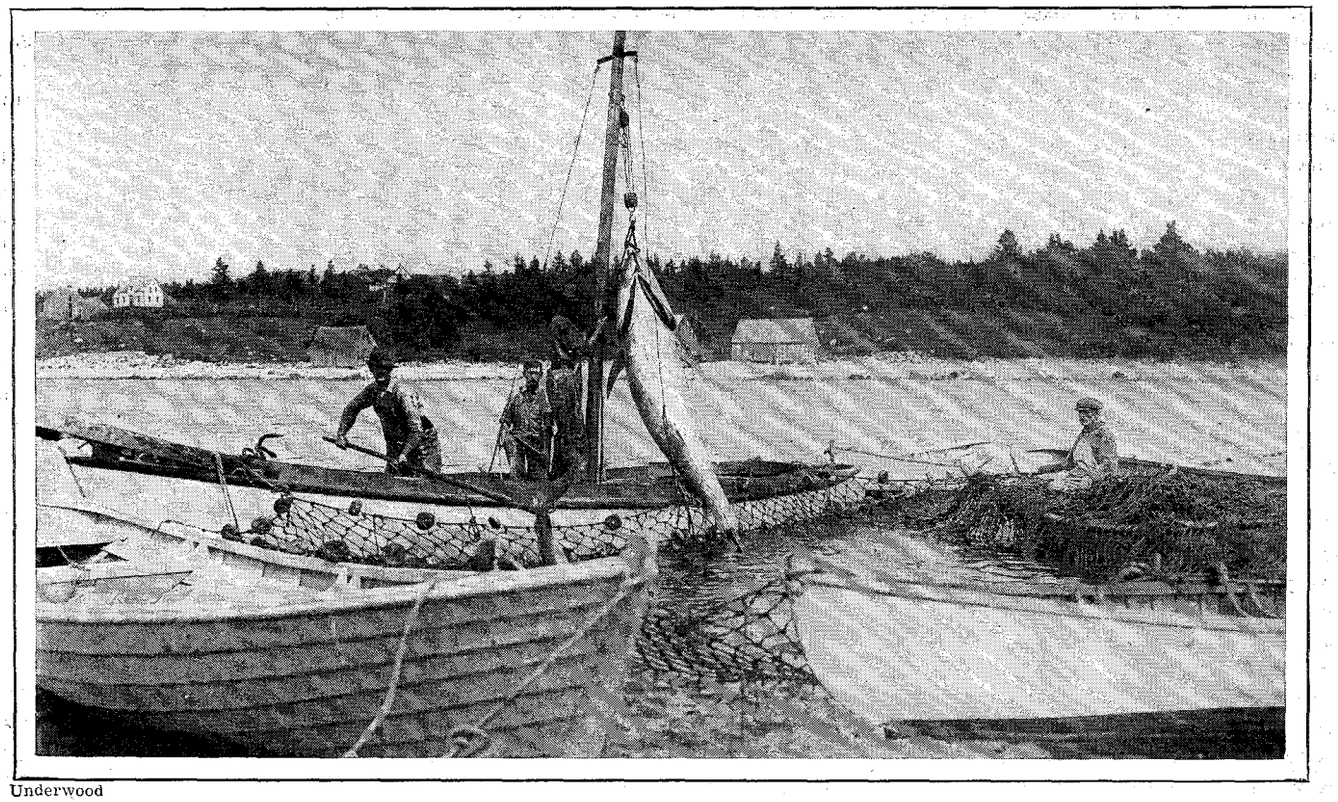

Underwood

Tuna travel in schools, are located by seaplanes, and then netted by fishermen. One prize catch totaled 60,000 pounds

out about a hundred feet on each side of the boat, and at the end of the line is a wooden contraption with a fish-hook, arranged to whirl like the spoon used in inland waters by amateur fishermen. When a curious tuna spies this affair, he makes a grab for it, is hooked, and immediately a watchful fisherman on the stern of the boat lets out a yell. This means that the boat has run into a school of tuna browsing around for breakfast.

Great activity on the boat then ensues. The man at the wheel makes a kick at a lever that slows down the engine and shifts the wheel to bring the boat around in a circle. A couple of men in the stern of the boat dip out the live bait and scatter it around on the water with prodigality, while all the other fishermen grab hooked and baited lines and cast them overboard. Then the fun and the business begin. The tuna grab the sardines, are hooked, and then unceremoniously hauled onto the deck. The hook-and-line fishermen use barbless hooks, so that no time will be lost in getting a fish off. A good fisherman in a big school will swing a fish out of the water, flop it loose on the deck, and swing the line back to the water almost in one unbroken motion.

The fishermen work fast and furiously until, all at once, the tuna cease to bite. They have finally got wise to the fact that they are being buncoed, and disappear as suddenly as they came. It is then necessary to troll around until another school is located—the fish never travel singly—when the fishing begins again. This is kept up until the boat has its full load of fish or no more schools can be found, after which it heads for the cannery.

The purse-seine fishermen invariably follow the method described in the first part of this article. They rely on the man in the crow's-nest to locate schools of fish, and when they make a haul the prize is a rich one. Purse-seine boats have caught as much as sixty tons of fish at one haul. As a rule, however, they do not try to make too big a haul, as the frantic fish might break the net and get away. And a purse-seine costs around $5,000, sometimes as much as $8,000. As the purse-seine boats represent an original investment of $15,000 or more each, it will be seen that fishing nowadays isn't altogether a poor man's job.

Most of the boats, however, are owned by the packers, in part or in full, and are known as contract boats, the fishermen agreeing to sell all their catch to those packers at stipulated prices. About ten per cent of the fishing craft in the vicinity of Los Angeles have been bought outright by fishermen who are independent operators, selling to the highest bidder. The contract boats have the advantage in that, no matter how overloaded the packers are, their fish must be accepted at the contract prices.

It is estimated that the hook-and-line boats will make average earnings of $6,000 each in a season. After the expenses of the boat are paid the money is then divided among the crew, which averages four men. No wages are paid on these boats usually, but the captain, especially on the larger boats, gets three or four shares in recognition of certain liabilities he incurs. The earnings of some of the purse-seine boats for the four months of the season are close to $40,000 each, but the expense of operating these craft is greater and a crew consists of eight or ten men.

When the boats come in with their load of tuna, the fish are cleaned inside, the heads being left on, and then carcied by conveyors to the canneries. After reaching the cannery they are weighed and hung up. They are then steam-cooked for two hours, and the dark meat separated from the white, only the white being used for canning. It comes out in solid chunks and resembles the white meat of chicken both in taste and looks. Hence the name "sea-chicken." Hundreds of women are employed in the canning process, and the routine has been worked out with great care, both as to cleanliness and economy of effort. Each can of tuna, after it has been sealed, is washed outside and then subjected to 240° of heat, guaranteed to annihilate any germ which might have been clever enough to get by all the other precautionary measures.

In districts where the tuna industry has reached its highest point the fish is known as "albacore," or, more familiarly, just plain "al." But, although the market fishermen have been catching them for years, they know as little about the habits of the tuna to-day as they did in the beginning. Even Uncle Sam has tried unsuccessfully to find out where the

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fish comes from and where it goes. A few years ago several thousand were caught by a Government boat, thin metal rings fastened around the narrower parts of their tails, and then returned to the ocean. The idea was to see if any of these fish ever came back to the same waters, or if they migrated to others parts of the ocean, and, if so, at what time of the year. But not a single one of those marked fish has yet been reported, although the fishermen have been given to understand that a bounty would be paid for any fish caught with a ring around its tail. All that the fishermen seem to know about the tuna is that it makes its appearance in June or July, and may linger around until October—or it may not.

A Great-Grandfather of a Gale

By BILL ADAMS

A MAGAZINE has come to me filled with photographs of the old ships, and I am in a seafaring mood. There is, too, a fresh wind blowing from northwest down the valley, and the sea is ninety miles away in that direction.

The farmers will be complaining that the wind is drying out their soil, dropping or bruising their fruit, or irritating their cows. It makes me restless.

It would be a great day if in place of hog-stomached steamers beside the 'Frisco wharves there were ships. Those not yet discharged would be impatiently watching their laden sisters tow toward the headlands. But all the ships are gone. Eurydice and Cambrian, Sardomene and Lord of the Isles, Glenalvon and Goldenhorn. They are as rare today as is the passenger pigeon; rarer than the bison of the grassy prairie.

It is the time of the second dog-watch, and workingmen are walking home to their wives; to their bacon or beans, or layer cake and berries. Soon they will turn in to their long night's sleep. There will be no one to yell, "Rise and shine," in their ears; to order them aloft at midnight to a topsail a hundred feet high. A luxurious fellow, the shore dweller. Is he lucky or not? It is a matter of taste. I have a taste for roving.

Think of coming home to a wife after an absence of a year and a half at sea. Bringing her an armful of silks bought from a little fellow with a pig-tail on the world's other side; or sprays of pink coral and painted cocoanut shells traded for in the Marquesas; or a little gray parrot who already shouts her name, eh?

That was happiness. The stuff about a sailor having a wife in every port was a shore-going lie. We were like the rest of folks, only a bit fonder.

I have been thinking of a dawning long ago, on the voyage when we were bound from the Tyne to 'Frisco.

We were somewhere south of Staten Land, and for days, for weeks, had been endeavoring to beat to the westward. It was midwinter; hooting, screaming, August midwinter. We dwelt amid snow, hail, and driven rain. We stood a fair chance of developing fins, or gills, or flukes, for we had been soaked to the skin for weeks on end.

Once the ship's galley had been wrecked, and for several days there had been neither skilly, coffee, nor hot soup to warm us. Then an unutterable calm had fallen upon us; the sea became like the inside of a whitewashed vault for dead whales; snow continual. Voices were audible fore and aft, the length of the ship. The thud of sea-booted feet sounded like the toppling of tombstones.

In those latitudes a calm means that the great-grandfather of all the gales will follow.

Now for six days that grandfather of gales had been romping on the Cape Horn sea. For over a hundred and forty-four hours he had buried us in the water smother, and the longer he raved, the harder his feet seemed to come down, the deeper he seemed to breathe.

During the calm the galley had been repaired; that calm that had lasted for twenty-four hours between the coming of the grandfather gale and the departure of the last storm, which had been a thrifty child of evil parents. But, repaired though the galley had been, it was well-nigh useless. We could not get to the fresh water. The cook could make neither soup, skilly, nor coffee. So we nibbled Liverpool pantiles, which were as hard and well-nigh as durable as Nebuchadnezzar's Babylonian brick and are not made nowadays. We greased the pantiles with rancid margarine from an old blue tin can and swore at the Danes for not making better butter. And of hot drinks we had none.

The fresh-water tanks were below deck, abaft the mizzenmast. The plunger rod of the pump was lowered into them through a hollow fife-rail stanchion at four o'clock every afternoon in possible weather, and at that time water was served out by Chips, the ship's carpenter, to the crew, the cabin, and the apprentices; and to the cook for our skilly, coffee, and soup. After the serving of the water allowance the plunger rod was always unshipped and carried away to his shop by Chips. A tight-fitting wooden plug was rammed firmly into the hole at the top of the stanchion. The pump handle remained in place, bolted to the fife rail.

She was a four-master, and that part of the deck about the mizzen fife rail was the part most swept by seas in heavy weather. We had been unable to ship the plunger rod since the grandfather gale descended in full fury. The sea would have found its way into the tanks below; men would have been washed over the side, or broken on the deck. So for days we had bided our time, while the grandfather gale had chortled at our mastheads, jeering at us, and the Cape Horn sea had rolled shoulder high on the main deck. Sometimes snow fell, sometimes hail. Between times rain fell in such driven sheets that one could but vaguely discern the foremast from the poop. The ship was like a walnut shell in a washtub. Comparatively speaking, she had no wider view than has the walnut shell.

The nights were black. Almost black enough to lay the hand against, to feel, as one might feel the bulkhead of a mine far below ground.

For three days and three nights no one aboard had tasted anything hot.

Some ships had a bogy (a little heating stove) for warmth in the forecastle. Some had one in the half-deck. We had none. The sole stove on the ship was the cook's stove. What warmth we had must come from our own bodies. While below in our quarters we were like hibernating bears or like Eskimo. While awake and off duty we kept our pipes going, for a bit of cheer, for the love of their ruddy glow. When once all our clothing was drenched so that we no longer had a shift of dry underwear, we could not protect our bedding from the wet. Everything was wet, sopping. We entered our cramped quarters with water flowing from our oilskins and squelching in our sea-boots. Water thundered against our steel door, against the bulkheads, and upon the top of the house above our heads. Our blankets became moldy with the warmth of our wet-clad bodies. Once we were out of them, they

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Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—No. 8 of a Series. *(Photograph by Horace Scanlin.)*

When the record hung in the balance

IT was in the afternoon of one of the hottest days in summer. Twenty-seven ponderous sheet mills in a long row were rolling iron and steel sheets at one of the plants of The American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio.

Men stripped to the waist, with rivulets of sweat streaming over their bodies, were struggling to maintain a record that had stood for fifteen years—no mill had gone down because of hot weather.

And now they fought like thoroughbreds. Men would reach into a glaring furnace with a pair of long tongs, draw out two red-hot bars, drag them down to the huge rolls, where other men would seize them with tongs and guide the bars back and forth between the rolls until the bars had been made into long thin sheets.

The thump, thump, thump of the rolls breaking down the bars was the steady sound that re-echoed the determination of the men.

A little after four o'clock word came that No. 10's "catcher" had played out.

But the Assistant General Superintendent was already making his way toward No. 10, for he had missed the thump, thump, thump from that mill.

"What's the matter?" was his only question.

"Smith can't hold on any longer, and there's nobody to take his place."

Without another word the superintendent picked up a pair of tongs and stepped to Smith's place. The man at the furnace poked his long tongs through the licking flames of fire and pulled out two red-hot bars. Again there came from No. 10 the old familiar thump, thump, thump!

Down that long row of hot mills that afternoon new life came into the organization. With the Assistant General Superintendent holding No. 10 in line a record of fifteen years' standing was saved, and the esprit de corps remained unshaken. It was a magnificent manifestation of the college spirit—the fighting spirit that wins football games—translated into terms of industry.

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Write for our booklet, "What Causes Rust?"

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were icy. Our tiny oil lamp, hanging in gimbals, was always erect, no matter to what fantastic angle the ship might roll. We fixed our eyes upon its flame and hungered for fire. Sometimes some one would murmur, "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?" Then there would be either a meditative silence, while we saw in memory the fields of home, or, in an impatient voice, "Forget it, you fool!" Then, perhaps, a burst of laughter.

Photographs of our girls hung on the bulkheads of our bunks. We glanced, hopelessly or scornfully, according to moods, at fairy eyes or delicious heads of uppiled hair. We stared at them as a man fallen to and entombed in the depths of a lost mine stares upward to the stars. Capable of intense love, of appalling pain, of terrific hunger, we were training for captaincies in days to be.

Ships cannot endure great gales forever. It was the incessant barbarity of gales that were prolonged into weeks that, racking ships insufferably, accounted for many a missing ship. Gear gave out. When men became numb, worn out, without hope, incapable, ship and sailor sank together—"Missing."

So, since for six days we had labored in the grandfather gale, things were grown serious. The need for blood heat was urgent. We were growing too wan to climb aloft to resecure those lashings which could not but work loose in the unending fury of the wind.

At the seventh dawn, the gray backs still tormenting her, Martin, the mate, bade me fetch the ablest of our sailors and the plunger rod.

He said also, "Bring along the heaviest towel you've got."

So I fetched Peterson, the most agile, the stoutest of the crew. As a sailor he did not amount to much, though the best of them all. But he was willing and had spirit. I brought the plunger rod also, asking for it from the astonished Finn carpenter, a six-foot man who dwelt like a dismal hermit alone in his dark little shop, and, when there was nothing else to do, made endless teakwood blocks at all hours. When I entered to ask him for the plunger rod, he was somehow contriving to remain erect and was engaged in planing the shell of a new topsail halyard block.

"No goot!" he shouted at me. "No goot. Int can mans to poomps coom."

Supposing us to be as good as doomed, he yet continued to fashion new halyard blocks; as though he imagined that the ship would arise to a future life after foundering, and would take her gear along with her. He waved the plane at me and shouted as I left him, "No goot!"

When Peterson and I came to the mizzen fife rail, the mate clung in the rigging above it. He slid down to us, and between seas, while she was but knee-deep in swirl, we pulled the wooden plug from its place and shipped the plunger. Then, while the mate held the bucket, Peterson pumped. The heavy towel about my neck, I sat astride the fife rail. Clenching my legs about the stanchion, I glanced about. But for the three of us, there was no one to be seen on her decks. The helmsman was invisible from our position.

When the bucket was full and the mate, clinging to a life-line with his free hand, started to run for the galley, a sea roared over her rails. Peterson leaped to the safety of the rigging, while, seizing the towel, I crowded it tight about the plunger rod, lest the sea pour down into the tanks below. While foaming cataracts of wrath swept above my head, broke upon my back, and wrenched at my arms, I heard, faintly, the mate's voice, "Hold fast!"

When the sea had receded, he returned. He had lost the fresh water, but, though knocked from his feet, had held to the bucket. Peterson descended from the rigging to pump once more.

Again and again the mate ran with the bucket. Again and again Peterson clambered hastily into the rigging for safety. Again and again, while the waves tore at me, I held the towel tight at the plunger hole.

Time passed, and no water reached the galley.

The second mate came to the bridgehead above us, and thence stared down

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on us from cold eyes. He made no move to assist us. No one called on him to do so. A new helmsman staggered aft along the life-line, and the relieved helmsman, as he passed us on his way forward, shouted the ship's course to the mate.

Rain fell in torrents, while, lost in mists of uptossed spray, she continually rolled her bulwarks under and the gale screamed through her tophamper.

In two hours we contrived to get a half-dozen buckets of fresh water to the cook's water-barrel. Then, while the mate and I unshipped the rod, Peterson vanished forward. There would be coffee for all hands. His comrades would greet him disbelievingly, then forget all about him. He would probably have to assert himself to obtain his just share of the coffee.

When I unwound my cramped legs from the stanchion and stepped to the deck, I was immediately swept from my feet by a sea; but the mate, grasping the collar of my oilskin coat, held me fast. While himself holding with one hand to the fife rail, he shouted to me to hold fast to the plunger.

Having presently battled my way to the carpenter's shop, I opened the door and looked in upon Chips. He was planing a block shell, and stared at me vacantly, as though he had supposed the ship to have been long ago in a sea cave on the ocean's bed.

"No goot!" he shouted. When I yelled, "Coffee," into his ear, he stared at me from mystified blue eyes, like the eyes of a child who stares at a rainbow.

Soon all hands swallowed boiling coffee. There was pea soup for dinner.

Toward evening, while a dense snow settled in, the gale died, and, once more shipping the plunger rod, we filled the cook's barrel. All was as well as might be for sailors off Cape Horn in August.

The commonplace of a sailor's life—a cold and windy tale.

A luxurious fellow, the shore dweller.

Give us, for all its commonplace, the sea.

There are tropic evenings when the stars shine, and a fiddle plays.

The Book Table

Witnesses of Modernism

By H. W. Boynton

DR. CRAPSEY somewhere in these pages[1] mentions somebody's comparison of him with Luther. He admits that there may be something in it. He has certainly a good share of the necessary egoism and combativeness of the religious reformer. But, as recent incidents within the fold of his own Church indicate, he overestimates the importance of his personal experience to the world at large. The "last of the heretics" may, for all we know, be the last man but two left alive on this cooling globe. Certainly at an hour when one bishop fulminates against heresy and another bishop is actually under trial for it, the title of this book seems premature.

The point at issue in the Crapsey case was, as usual, not the right of the parson to preach what he believed, but his right to insist on preaching it under a certain banner. Dr. Crapsey came to disbelieve in all vows, "especially priestly vows;" yet he wished to remain a priest, and bitterly resents his unfrocking. We must own that in this spirited narrative of an active and generous life there is a good deal of bitterness and egoism. And here and there are comments on affairs other than religious so unbalanced and arbitrary as to increase the layman's distrust of this good man's judgment. For instance, Dr. Crapsey is sure that the United States has played the villain in the Philippines, and traces the later woes of the world to that villainy:

"I know they will tell me what America has done for the Filipinos in the way of sanitation, education, and the like, yes; but the Americans have taken away from the Filipinos the one thing which their hearts desire; that is, their liberty, their inborn right to rule themselves. . . . By this action the character of the American Government was changed from that of a democratic to an imperial republic, *and this evil example of imperialism followed fourteen years later by the German Kaiser has been the ruin of the world.*" However beyond challenge the sincerity of the writer of the astounding sentence we have put in italics, he is clearly a man moved at least as much by passion as by the pure reason which he early invoked as the guide of his troublous days.

That popular philosopher and guide Dr. Frank Crane was a parson for twenty-five years, and stopped being a parson because he wanted to write for the people. "Why I Am a Christian,"[2] he says, "is written by a business man as an explanation of his condition and point of view." That point of view does not include any sort of interest in matters of controversy. Doubts concerning "the creed" have never harassed him. "I always knew that the Church, being a growth, naturally contained a great deal of dead wood and outgrown formulæ, but that it also contained a vast deal of what is true and alive and useful. . . . Of course if I were going to make a Church I would make one that would emphasize only the essentials; but Churches are not made, they grow, and without imperfection growth is impossible." Dr. Crane still "belongs" to a church, "one of the established branches of the Church of Jesus Christ." He believes in the Church because "it keeps alive by its ritual, its prayer and song and preachment, imperfectly doubtless but doubtless also factually, the teachings, the principles, and the personal influence of Jesus Christ."

This book sums up in the characteristically snappy and common-sensible vein of this writer the religion of a man who, unlike Dr. Crapsey, is as happy out of a pulpit as in one.

Phillips Brooks's two lectures on "Tolerance"[3] were delivered a generation ago; they were first published in 1887. There is in them a confidence, firm and almost bland, which we rarely find in the episcopal utterances of today. The great preacher speaks easily, *ex cathedra,* without note of defiance or apology. His cause, his Church, needs no defense; he but makes her virtues clear. He is addressing an audience of divinity students, it is true, so that the affair is, in a sense, all in the family. He begins with a distinction: "Tolerance is a disposition; toleration is the behavior in which that disposition finds expression." Tolerance, further, has two elements: "first, positive conviction, and second, sympathy with men whose convictions differ from our own."

As for tolerance and the Church, Brooks acknowledges with sorrow that they cannot yet be perfectly mated. There are good Christians outside of the Church—any Church—who are outside because they cannot meet "certain tests

[1] The Last of the Heretics. By Algernon Sidney Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.50.

[2] Why I Am a Christian. By Dr. Frank Crane. William H. Wise & Co., New York. $3.

[3] Tolerance: Two Lectures. By Phillips Brooks. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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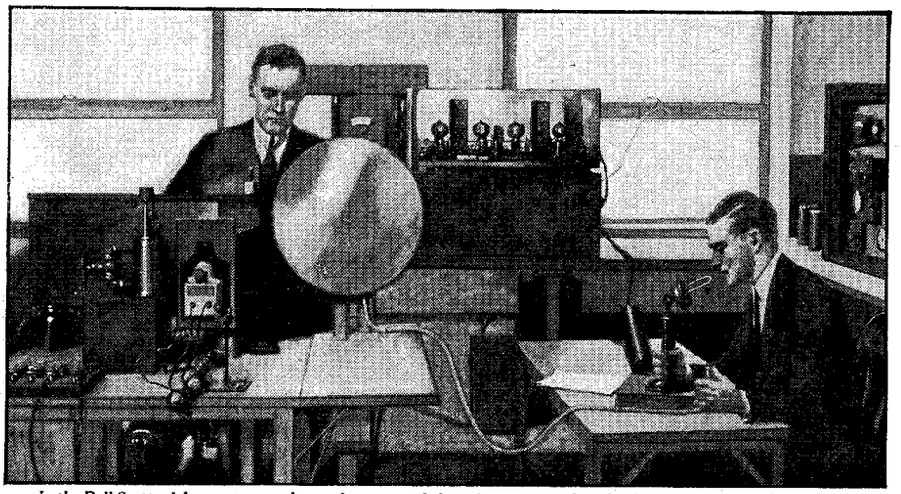

In the Bell System laboratories speech sounds are recorded on the oscillograph with a view to their subsequent analysis

The service of knowledge

The youthful Alexander Graham Bell, in 1875, was explaining one of his experiments to the American scientist, Joseph Henry. He expressed the belief that he did not have the necessary electrical knowledge to develop it.

"Get it," was the laconic advice.

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of doctrine, specified ways of worship, definitions of orthodoxy." In short, not yet can the Church be identified with Christianity, so long as creeds and usages are the measure of her catholicity. Too much, always, her indignation has followed a false scent: "Again and again in history the Church, pursuing error with her anathemas, has forgotten to denounce cruelty, hypocrisy, and corruption, which were flagrant in her very bosom." On the whole, it seems to be the Bishop's feeling that the Church's requirements are so well understood, and those who march under her banners so well agreed, that inquisitions and heresy trials are comfortably things of the past.

Later years have shown that this assumption was too comfortable. Since Bishop Brooks's time the whole matter of the higher criticism of the Bible, of liberalism and Modernism within the Church, has come to a head. And now another prominent clergyman of Bishop Brooks's own Church provides a very readable and useful little book[4] to "explain to people who are not versed in theology or ecclesiastical history what the present controversy which is disturbing all the churches really means."

Dr. Parks begins by explaining that to the Modernist (by which he means the Protestant communicant of progressive intelligence) the matters now in controversy within the Church—the infallibility of the Bible, the authority of the Creeds, and so on—are of but minor interest, because they are none of them of fundamental importance to Christian belief and practice. He differs with the "Fundamentalist" as to what the real foundation of the Christian faith is. The doctrines of the literal infallibility of the Scriptures and the authority of the Church are to him alike impertinent to the main question: "That we owe to the Church the preservation of the documents which form the Bible is true, but the Church is not the authority on which we believe the revelation contained in those Gospels. It is only the witness to the prevailing influence of those truths on the lives of the generations that have followed. The Church is indeed the witness to, but is not the judge of truth."

The Modernist believes also that "insistence on the letter of the Creed as a test of faith is unjustified by the history of the Church." The Nicene Creed, adopted after the Church had thriven for four centuries without any established creed, represented a working agreement among certain assembled Church authorities as to the essentials of the Christian faith. It was, says Dr. Parks, almost as much a product of heated discussion and compromise as a modern political platform. "All American churches," he says, "are influenced by the early New England conception of a creed as a binding legal document which each voter, who had to be a church member, signed."

Modernism, rejecting the doctrines of the Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection, as not belonging to the original faith of the early Church, employs the form of the creed as a beautiful symbolic expression of the spiritual truth about Jesus' life and work. Dr. Parks makes an impressive argument for this point of view. The one touch of acerbity in these pages concerns a charge of insincerity brought by a commission of Unitarian ministers against "religious teachers who play with words in the solemn relations of life, who make their creeds mean what they were not originally meant to mean." Even Unitarians, he asserts, are bound to interpret their creed in accordance with modern thought and feeling: "They believe and assert that 'the Lord our God is One.' Do they mean by the word 'God' what those who first used it meant?"

[4] What is Modernism? By Leighton Parks, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

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The New Books

FICTION

CLUBFOOT THE AVENGER. By Valentine Williams. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

There is plenty of excitement in this new series of episodes in which the Okewood brothers, Desmond and Francis, again encounter their old enemy of wartime days, Clubfoot and his gang. By the skin of their teeth they win; but Clubfoot remains alive and at large, with lively possibilities for a future volume. Mr. Williams is an able and experienced piler-up of thrills and his invention shows no sign of flagging, but the Clubfoot adventures do not offer quite the opportunity for ingenuity, intricacy, and cumulative interest of some others of his mystery novels. Sip after sip is good, if one can't do better, but readers of detective fiction are a greedy lot, and apt to prefer—Sherlock Holmes and a few other notable exceptions to the contrary notwithstanding—the uninterrupted joy of a sustained mystery that need not be taken in sips, but affords, like circus lemonade, one long pink drink.

GOLCONDA BONANZA (THE). By Jerome A. Hart. The Pioneer Press, San Francisco. $2.

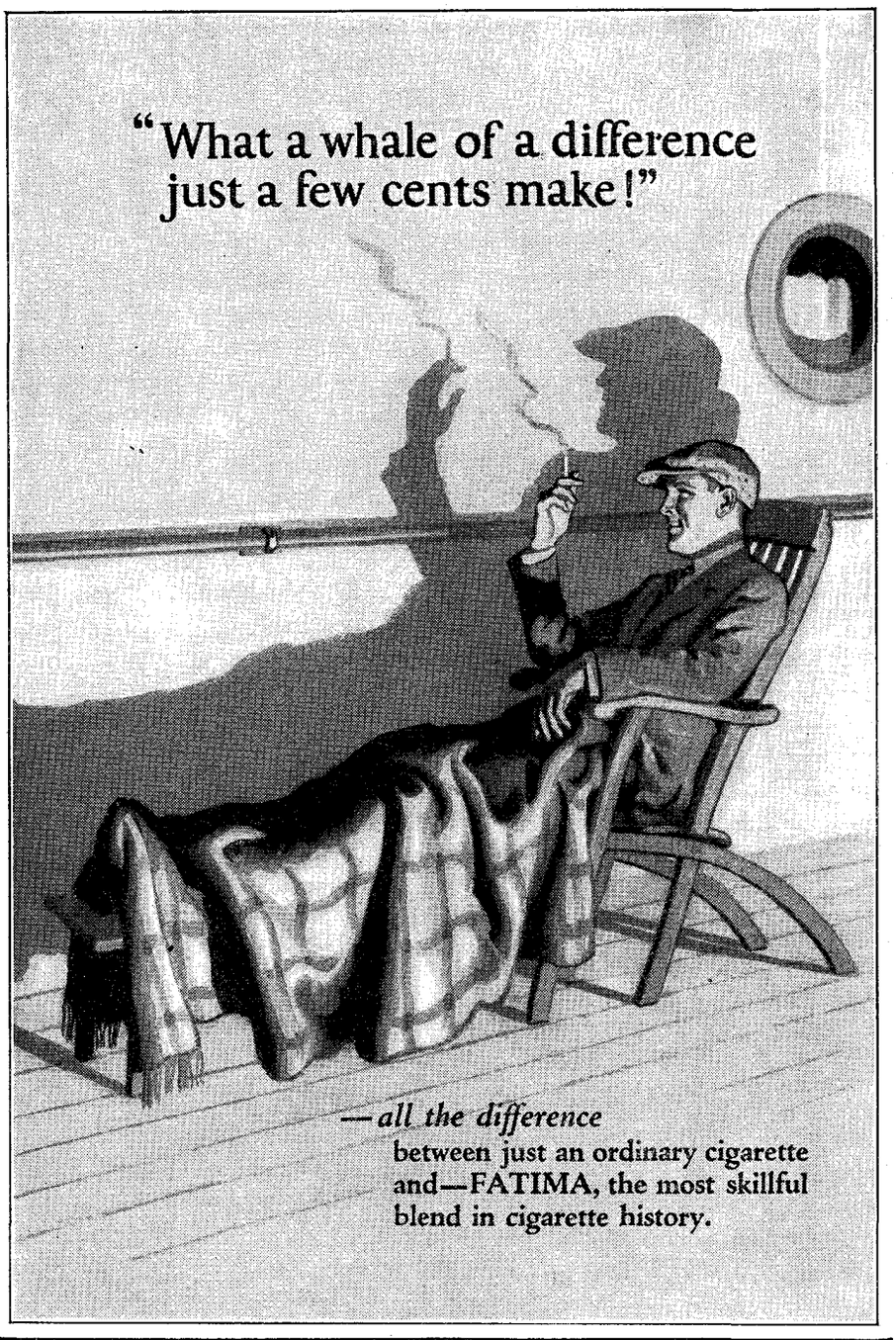
A novel of California, of Nevada, of city life, and life in the mining towns in the days of the Golconda boom.

JENNY THE JOYOUS. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

One approaches "Jenny the Joyous" somewhat dubiously, sniffing delicately for indications of another blithe young thing of the Pollyanna type. Unmistakably they are there, but Jenny, despite a few annoyingly gladsome habits and a singular lack of discretion, has her commendable points as a girl, a wife, a mother, a widow, and a business woman. The story of her business career and of her progress from Billy to Peter is related with sympathy and vivacity, if with little distinction or depth, and is likely to please many readers.

SPIRIT OF THE HOUSE (THE). By Anna Dorsey Williams. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Ambitious and carefully executed, this novel of society life in the capital of the Nation does not succeed in conveying a vivid sense of its interesting background. It covers thirty years of life in a changing Washington and presents as leading figures two women, Courtney Lowden and Coralie Brett, one representing a survival in the present of the type of old-fashioned gentlewoman; the other, who in any era would have been equally selfish, intriguing, and hateful, reveling frankly in the extreme of modern freedom and turning it to license unhampered by social restraints. Coralie is wholly detestable; but it is not easy to be enthusiastic about Courtney, whose common sense and judgment are less impeccable than her ideals, and who is entirely deficient in charm. The men are subsidiary, except Senator Brett, who is perhaps the most lifelike figure in the book.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BIOGRAPHY

BENJAMIN CONSTANT: HIS PRIVATE LIFE AND HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERAL GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE, 1767–1830. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Said to be the first sympathetic study in English of the famous French politician and writer.

EDWARD FITZGERALD AND BERNARD BARTON. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These are the letters written by Fitzgerald to his father-in-law, or rather, to the friend whose daughter he married after her father's death. There is a preface by Viscount Grey. An account is given of the poet's strange and ill-fated marriage, and of his grimly amusing wedding. The letters are the thing, however, as revealing something more of the translator of Omar as a man's man, a good friend, an odd and lovable personage.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISMS OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON. Edited by John Ker Spittal. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

Here you have what such friends and critics as Mrs. Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Boswell (of course), and Dr. Robert Anderson thought of "the great lexicographer."

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

COLONIAL HOUSE (THE). By Joseph Everett Chandler. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

This is a revised edition of a book first copyrighted in 1916. It is the work of an architect, and has been well known by architects and laymen. Two hundred

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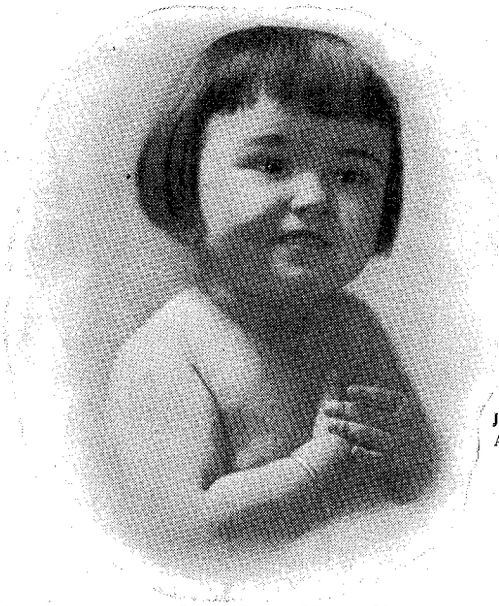

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TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

AMERICA REVISITED. By the Earl of Birkenhead. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

Addresses in Canada and the United States by the former Lord Chancellor. Lord Birkenhead is a kindly but not a sentimental observer of American life; his observations deserve the same respect which we demand for our own commentators upon other countries.

DAYS OFF IN DIXIE. By Archibald Rutledge. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.

Hunting deer and grouse, scouting the alligator, and learning the ways of the wild turkey—these are some of the subjects described by Mr. Rutledge. Readers of The Outlook will remember his articles in the recent past.

DONKEY TRIP THROUGH SPAIN (A). By Jan and Cora Gordon. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $4.

Stevenson went through a district of southern France with a donkey named Modestine; these authors chose Spain and a donkey called Geraldine. But their book is not harmed because it had a distinguished predecessor; the narrative is light-hearted, its observations are pleasant and worth while. The book is illustrated by its authors—regrettably.

Books Received

POETRY

POEMS OF CHILD LABOR. By National Child Labor Committee. National Child Labor Committee, New York.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND (THE). By Helen Marshall Pratt. Duffield & Co., New York. $4.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

MODERN DISCIPLESHIP AND WHAT IT MEANS. By Edward S. Woods. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

RELIGIOUS CERTITUDE IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

PROBLEMS OF PUBLIC FINANCE. By Jens P. Jensen. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.

SALE OF WAR BONDS IN IOWA. By Nathaniel R. Whitney. The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency
70 Fifth Avenue, New York
Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advises parents about schools. Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.

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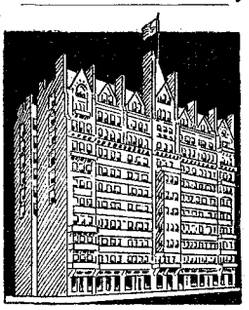
Hotels and Resorts

New York City



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Adirondacks Interbrook Lodge and cottages, Keene Valley, N. Y. **Adirondack Mts.** Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

Keene Valley Inn, Keene Valley, N. Y. Rates $18 to $30 per week. 75 rooms. Fresh vegetables, own garden. Tennis, dancing, golf course two miles. Special rates for Sept. W. W. BLOCK, Prop.

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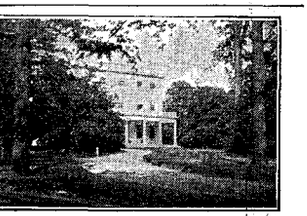
Health Resorts



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Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

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FOR SALE Unusually attractive property on New Hampshire mountain lake. Seventy acres, large *house, stable, garage, running spring* water, fruit, gardens. Fully furnished and equipped for boys' or girls' camp. $10,000 cash required. Photographs. 2,565, Outlook.

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Midway between N. Y. and Philadelphia, near Hightstown and Cranbury, convenient to Trenton and shore, about mile from Pa. R. R. 90 acres in high state of cultivation for potatoes, hay, grain, etc., balance desirable woodland. Plenty best water. 2-acre apple orchard, full bearing. Attractive 12-room dwelling, spacious verandas, all modern improvements, commodious outbuildings, garage, in good repair. Pictures to interested party. 2,567, Outlook.

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For Sale, Alexandria, Va. In sight of Capitol. Attractive, substantially built 12-room brick house. All modern improvements. Fine corner yard containing three lots. Within one block of post office and car line. Good neighborhood. Price $10,000. Write owner, P. O. Box 83, Center Conway, N. H.

Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia. For rent, farm, orchard, shooting. Colonial mansion, furnished; furnace, gas, freestone water. 316 Ninth Ave., Southwest, Roanoke, Virginia.

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WE assist in preparing speeches, debates, essays, club papers, to requirements. Mention subjects. Authors Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

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WOMAN of education and initiative wanted by publishing house for traveling position. This is an educational sales proposition with every opportunity of advancement for the woman capable of developing into an executive; liberal drawing account and commission; all transportation paid. Do not apply unless you are sure your time is worth $75 a week. Write, stating age and experience, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.

WANTED, for secretarial and office work, including stenography, a young man of education and refinement and adapted to life in a boys' camp school. Write, giving particulars, to 5,258, Outlook.

WANTED—An experienced and trained librarian for small library in residence town of four thousand people. Salary fifteen hundred dollars. Mrs. G. L. Boardman, Secretary. 5,277, Outlook.

MANUFACTURER of HAND MADE children's dresses needs several reliable ladies to take orders. Splendid opportunity for ladies with good social connections. Box 156, Davenport, Ia.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper in family of small children where maid is employed. Address Mrs. R. W. Myers, 257 Laurel St., Hartford, Conn.

WANTED—Reliable assistant with household work. Two ladies, New Jersey. Comfortable home; moderate salary. References. 5,289, Outlook.

USEFUL companion and household assistant. Education and refinement more necessary than experience. 5,299, Outlook.

SEPTEMBER 15–30, for country home near Philadelphia, capable, educated housekeeper; family of three, six maids. Must fully understand dainty catering, cooking, and all details of housekeeping. Excellent home and salary. Reply after August 25, 5,308, Outlook.

WANTED, September 15, in a family of business women in near-by suburb, a housekeeper. No laundry or heavy cleaning. An attractive proposition will be made to a woman fitted to become a congenial member of the family. 5,307, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper. Wanted, September 15, educated young American woman, assist mother with four small boys. Other help kept. Own room and considerable freedom. Write Mrs C. Kittredge, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER-governess for girl and boy. Mrs. F. B. Riggs, Lakeville, Conn.

WANTED—Teacher for backward children in small resident school to do manual and recreation work. Tel. 1556 M. Sound View School, 70 Prospect St., Port Chester, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

COMPANION-nurse. Experienced trained nurse, R. N., disengaged October 1, seeks position; preferably in New York City. Highest references. 5,294, Outlook.

Business Situations

YOUNG woman, American, Protestant, single, age twenty-eight, of excellent health, college graduate, with business and teaching experience, willing to travel, cultured, tactful, and trustworthy. First-class references. 5,272, Outlook.

FOREIGN traveling position wanted. Versatile woman. Languages, music; translating; business, executive, secretarial ability. Anywhere if lucrative position. 5,300, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED, educated woman desires position as housekeeper, care widower's home and children, housemother in school, or any position where executive ability is desired. References. 5,287, Outlook.

EDUCATED, refined American widow would like position as companion or housekeeper in nice home. Capable of taking entire charge. Experienced in care of nervous invalids. Excellent references. Will go anywhere. 5,311, Outlook.

YOUNG Protestant lady desires position as COMPANION. High school graduate, business course. Would travel. References exchanged. 5,314, Outlook.

POSITION wanted, about October 1, by woman of culture, to manage a man's establishment, act as hostess or to chaperon young girl, oversee the upbringing of a child, etc. Associations valued. Highest credentials furnished. 5,313, Outlook.

ADAPTABLE, sympathetic middle-aged practical nurse or companion. Available for town or country, traveling or stationary. Protestant. Excellent references. 5,296, Outlook.

WANTED—Position by capable, refined woman. Companion, charge of home, care of children or convalescents. Loyal service to employer. Best references. 5,295, Outlook.

MOTHER-instead. Cultured woman, unusual attainments, wants care of motherless child. Will supervise home; tutor or travel. 5,301, Outlook.

A lady of culture wishes a position as companion, companion-housekeeper, or housekeeper. References exchanged. 5,302, Outlook.

BY capable, educated woman, place in household, school, or inn where sixteen year old boy could be helpful after school hours. 5,309, Outlook.

YOUNG Englishwoman, desiring to return to England, offers services as companion, nursery governess, chaperon, or secretary (expert stenographer) in return for passage. Reply to 5,306, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY wishes position as hostess or clerk in hotel. Can play piano and drive car. 5,304, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED teacher, with mental hygiene training, desires private case. References. 5,279, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher and governess desires position beginning September or October. Prefers child age 7 to 11. Can teach elementary French, Spanish, and voice. Satisfactory references regarding teaching ability, disposition, and education. Will take entire charge. 5,286, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher desires position as resident teacher or governess. Fond of children, genial, adaptable. Would accept position as companion; good reader, able to take charge of correspondence, shopping, and marketing. Best references. 5,292, Outlook.

GOVERNESS. English, German, French. Excellent teacher younger children. Highest credentials. 5,315, Outlook.

POSITION desired by educated, experienced woman as governess, companion, mother's assistant. 5,298, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED man teacher desires position. 5,297, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

FOR your little daughter—a cheerfully comfortable country home on the Sound. Excellent schools near by. Careful motherly supervision. Preliminary interview in New York. 5,288, Outlook.

FOR sale: Rosewood melodeon. Miss Estabrook, Midland, Mich.

PRINCIPAL of private day school in the Berkshires will take into her own home and under her personal care two or three children between the ages of eight and fourteen. 5,310, Outlook.

By the Way

A CAPABLE executive sometimes asks a subordinate to do difficult things and wants his orders obeyed without question. An example, in which the demand was promptly met in a somewhat unexpected way, is given in a book called "The Modern Executive:"

> The president of a large firm once asked an applicant for a position to bring a baby carriage from the former's residence to his office. The applicant asked no questions, but brought the perambulator to the office in a short time, together with a bill for $6 in taxicab hire! "If that chap had asked me how to get the baby carriage into the subway," was the president's comment, "he would not have got the job; but it was worth $6 to me to know that I was hiring a man who could execute an order without asking why or how."

From the "Purple Cow:"

"All my life I've been unfortunate—when still a child, I was left an orphan."

"What did you do with it?"

An Englishman who should chance to read the following advertisement in the San Francisco "Examiner" might say, "What a queer country and what queer 'ads'!"

> May, Margaret, Lucille, Ida B. and Ida B———, all former wives of Roy T. B———, of Quartzite, Ariz. Anyone knowing their whereabouts wrt. Box M5509, Exam.

And an American might use the same words on reading the following in the Personal column of the London "Times:"

> Come and sing "Down Among the Dead Men" and "All People that on Earth Do Dwell" in the Royal Exchange to-day at 1.15. Admission free.

The elimination of grade crossings would no doubt materially decrease the ominous total of fatal automobile accidents, but the cost in money would be stupendous. In 1922 the number of crossings eliminated totaled 706 at an expense of about $70,000,000. As there are over 256,000 grade crossings in the country, an expenditure of twenty-two billions of dollars would, at this rate, be required to eliminate them all. An alternative is proposed in the formation of "Stop, Look, and Listen Clubs" among autoists. The Illinois Central supplies free to each member of these clubs a sign to be attached to his car, "This Car Stops at All Railroad Crossings." By April last these clubs numbered 26,000 persons along the line of the Illinois Central.

From "Le Pêle-Mêle:"

"It is quite true, doctor, tobacco is a bad thing—it has made me utterly stupid."

"Oh, my dear sir, you are exaggerating. Think of the time when you didn't smoke at all."

English traffic law is no respecter of persons. An English newspaper in a four-line note records that "the appeal of Viscount Curzon, M.P., at the Middlesex Quarter Sessions on Monday against a fine of £20 and the suspension of his motor-driving license for six months for having exceeded the speed limit in Chiswick High-road on March 9, was dismissed, with costs." Fancy what the New York newspapers would do in "headline-stuff" if this should happen here, say, to Secretary Hughes!

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